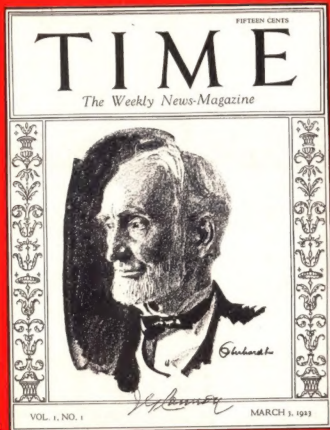


FIFTY CENTS

JANUARY 15, 1973

Crisis in Congress



941 Prizes in the Third Annual Kent Ski-Stakes.SM

Win the Kent Chalet.

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and up to \$12,000
for construction
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10 FIRST PRIZES

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Fly to St. Anton, Kitzbuhel or Innsbruck for an Alpine vacation you'll never forget! You'll be escorted to your hotel via private motor car.

Accommodations with private bath include continental breakfast and full dinner. All of these luxurious arrangements by the Travel Committee Inc., the people behind all the new ideas in ski travel.

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30 GRAVES MOLDED FIBERGLASS SKIS. The real fiberglass ski with lifetime guarantee, permanent camber and self-healing top.

300 garcia ALLSOP BOOT-INS

600 Korski HIGH ALTITUDE GLASSES



19mg. "tar", 1.3mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

A vacation home, a weekend home, a second home—your very own ski chalet—compliments of Kent! It's an ALTA INDUSTRIES Ltd. of N.Y. rustic log-built Chalet. A 2-story dream house with 2 bedrooms, sleeping loft and spiral staircase. You'll have your home where you want it, because part of the prize is \$10,000 toward purchase of land anywhere in the continental U.S.—and up to \$12,000 toward the cost of construction. Sound like a dream? It is and you can win it!

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All prizes guaranteed to be awarded. All entries received by March 30, 1973 are eligible. Drawing will be held April 15, 1973. Winners will be notified by mail. Prizes must be claimed by April 1, 1974. Enter as often as you like, but each entry must be mailed separately. Use the entry blank provided here or a plain piece of paper the same size. Sweepstakes limited to entrants over 21 years of age. Employees and their families of Lorillard, its media, advertising and sweepstakes agencies are not eligible. One prize to a family. No purchase required, if you are the grand prize winner, and you list your dealer's name and address he will receive a 21" RCA color TV as his prize. Random drawings conducted by Adams-Burke Corp., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. No substitution for prizes. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, on prizes are the responsibility of the winners. Open to residents of the United States. Void in Idaho, Missouri, Washington, Georgia and wherever use prohibited by law. All Federal, State and local regulations apply. For a list of major prize winners, send a separate, stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Ski-Stakes Winners List, Box 1150, Rosemount, Minn. 55068. Entry in the Ski-Stakes constitutes full permission to publish names, addresses and photographs of winners without further compensation.

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Jeff, 1955.
Mrs. Krummel got her
Maytag shortly after
he was born.

Jeff & Maytag, 1972.
Both 17, both
going strong.

"Old Bessie" started out in 1955 washing Jeff's diapers, writes Mrs. Marcia Krummel, Duluth, Minnesota.

Seventeen years later, that same Maytag Washer is doing his baseball and hockey uniforms, golf clothes, and also everything else for a family of four.

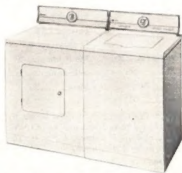
"During an average week, I wash 10 loads," says Mrs. Krummel. Yet repairs on her washer total only \$60 in 17 years. The Maytag Dryer she got in 1957 proved just as dependable. One \$4.00 repair in 15 years. "Our two Maytag purchases were by far the best buys we ever made," she remarks.

We've made a lot of improvements since Mrs. Krummel got her Maytags. Today all Maytag Washers and Dryers have a Permanent-Press Cycle. They also give you many other conveniences that simplify washing and drying, and help you get better results.

Naturally, we don't say all Maytags will equal the record Mrs. Krummel reports. But dependability is what we try to build into every Maytag Washer and Dryer.



Mrs. Krummel; Jenny, 14;
 Mr. Krummel; Jeff, 17;
 and Tuffy



MAYTAG
 THE DEPENDABILITY PEOPLE

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, NEWTON, IOWA. WASHERS, DRYERS, PORTABLE WASHERS AND DRYERS, DISHWASHERS, DISPOSERS.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



NEIL MACNEIL



RICHARD F. FENNO JR.



NELSON W. POLSKY



RALPH K. HUITT



CHARLES O. JONES

BECAUSE representative government starts with the Legislative Branch, TIME has had an enduring interest in Congress—in its leaders, its foibles, its glories, its failures. Our first issue, dated March 3, 1923 (TIME Inc. had been founded four months before), carried on its cover Joseph Gurney ("Uncle Joe") Cannon, who was then 86 and about to retire to Danville, Ill., after a colorful and historic career. Since then we have published some 150 cover stories and many other major articles on Capitol Hill and its leaders. This week Uncle Joe reappears on our cover, framed by the pictures of 20 contemporary lawmakers (see page 18), both to mark our 50th anniversary and point up the contrast between congressional power then and now.

We are observing our anniversary in a number of ways, most notably in an examination of Congress that goes beyond journalistic coverage. Our goal is to stimulate serious thought and discussion about how the Government functions and how it can better serve the country. Recently we have sponsored a series of four regional meetings that brought together scholars, members of Congress and TIME editors. The panel participants included Dr. Ralph K. Huitt, executive director of the National Association of State Universities and Land-Grant Colleges; Dr. Charles O. Jones of the University of Pittsburgh; Dr. Nelson W. Polsky of the University of California at Berkeley; and Dr. Richard F. Fenno Jr. of the University of Rochester. They discussed the state of Congress today, analyzed the institution's loss of powers and considered ways in which it might improve both its workings and its status in the country. A fifth and final conference will be held in Washington on Jan. 31.

In writing about the dramatic changes in Congress, Associate Editor Ed Magnuson drew on the transcripts of these conferences (428 pages) and the work of other scholars, which was assembled by Reporter-Researcher Harriet Baumgarten. Especially important for the whole undertaking was the historical perspective provided by Neil MacNeil, our senior Capitol Hill correspondent. MacNeil helped organize the meetings and has been a major participant. He has been a diligent student of Congress since coming to Washington 23 years ago. In 1963 he published *Forge of Democracy: The House of Representatives*, and seven years later he wrote *Dirksen: Portrait of a Public Man*. MacNeil also owns what is perhaps the nation's finest private library on Congress, a collection that includes scarce chronicles from the body's earliest years. Among the items: all but two issues of *Congressional Debates* (1789-91), compiled by Thomas Lloyd, the first legislative reporter, and the original issue of *View from the Congress Gallery* (1795), by Peter Porcupine (Reporter William Cobbett). "It is never lonely at my house late at night after the kids have gone to bed," says MacNeil. "I simply throw open a copy of the *Congressional Globe* and say hello to Dan Webster or Henry Clay."

Ralph P. Davidson

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Happy Thanksgiving Day.

Almost every day you can thank someone
for something. Even when that someone
is far away. Dial Long Distance. It's the
next best thing to being there. 

LETTERS

Bombs Rain Down

Sir / Re "More Bombs than Ever" [Jan. 1]. The American people have been forced to suffer through a decade of broken promises from their Government. It is apparent that as the years pass, the Administration's ability to mislead only seems to improve. As tons of bombs rain down on the Vietnamese people, President Nixon speaks of a "generation of peace." One is left to wonder what generation the President is talking about.

ERIC R. PACHT
Madison, Wis.

Sir / America has got scores more men for whom to wear P.O.W. bracelets. There are several hundred fresh graves in North Viet Nam. All of this is part of the continuing drama of imminent peace.

In 1972, as in 1968, the American people bought an illusion instead of reality.

WHI COLLETT
Providence

Sir / Nixon: four more years...of war?

SUSAN E. WOLF
Highland Park, Ill.

Sir / The peace talks are deadlocked: bombing and mining in North Viet Nam have been resumed. Peace is at hand? We need McGovern, now more than ever.

SHELLEY COHEN
Waltham, Mass.

Sheer Sensual Skiing

Sir / Re your cover story "Holiday on Skis" [Dec. 25]. I do not argue with doctors who deny that the ultraviolet rays encountered while skiing have an aphrodisiac effect. However, the sheer sensual experience of the warm sun, snow spray in the face, weightless microsecond on a mogul, the symphony of wind blowing through pine forests, thrills of speed, danger and precision and, not insignificantly, the form-fitting nature of ski clothing create in this skier a desire for more than a quiet evening with a good book.

JACK MOORE
Stanford, Calif.

Sir / Back in 1918, when arctic conditions prevailed in Ithaca and the snows were 3 ft. and 4 ft. deep, my friend and I donned our oak skis with leather straps and went cross-country through the most beautiful hills in central New York. Every now and then there would be a stretch of farm land where you could travel a mile or more, dropping 500 ft. in the process. It was very exhilarating, exciting and healthy. No "dogging," jumping, or stunting, just wonderful movement over sparkling snow. This was skiing as I remember it.

A.E. ALEXANDER
New York City

Sir / When the Mammoth Mountain people read your story, you will have a lot more than a fractured tibia. It will take a dozen St. Bernards to sniff you out from under an avalanche of critical mail for ignoring that great ski resort.

MARVIN J. KELCH
Los Angeles

Sir / You rich skiers can ski your lives away, but kindly think of non-skiers like myself before you take to the slopes. You are encouraging a sport that causes mountainsides to be razed and hundreds of con-

dominiums and hotels to be built in once virgin valleys. You are destroying the landscape that belongs to all of us just to enjoy a "sensual experience."

PEGGY GISHMAN
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir / I enjoyed reading your story. Reading is one of the few pastimes left to me since I broke my ankle skiing three weeks ago.

MICHAEL RODNER
New York City

Sir / A good story but ski touring deserves much more than a brief paragraph. Besides being much more economical and easy to learn, touring is an outdoor activity suitable for nearly all ages and levels of physical ability. A family can find real togetherness in touring.

WENDELL JUNK
Grand Lake, Colo.

Food Face

Sir / The "food face" by Stanley Glaubach on TIME's cover [Dec. 18] was a witty reminder that we are what we eat.

It was also a skillful reprise of the physiognomies composed of flora, fauna and man-made objects by the 16th century Italian artist, Giuseppe Arcimboldo.

MALCOLM CAMPBELL
Chairman
Department of Art History
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia

Sir / Whether it was intentional or not, the resemblance between the food face and that of our President was really incredible. Especially the nose—a hot dog! Terrific!

JOSEPH J. SARKIS
Niagara Falls, New York

Rights for Children

Sir / The horrible details of the Johnny Lindquist child-abuse case last summer brought to a shocked Chicago the realization that thousands of children have been brutally abused and shamefully neglected, with little or no recourse at all. One hopes that your article on children's rights [Dec. 25] will further emphasize the need for all states to re-evaluate their juvenile codes.

SALLY AN RUSNAK
Highland Park, Ill.

Sir / You refer to the Massachusetts Bay Colony statute of 1646, which decreed that if a man had "a stubborn or rebellious son" of at least 16 years of age, he could bring him to the magistrate's court where "such a son shall be put to death." It is interesting to find that this was copied directly from the Old Testament. Of significance is the fact that this early Hebrew practice recognized the fallibility of parents and left the decision to the elders of the town.

JEROME L. RUDERMAN
Philadelphia

Thieu's Political Prisoners

Sir / "Thieu's Political Prisoners of War" [Dec. 25] omits the fact that we Americans are blamed by many South Vietnamese for the widespread imprisonment and torture of innocent people. In a private meeting General Duong Van (Big) Minh told me that the political prisoner situation has become a scandal which is driving non-Com-

munist into the arms of Communists."

One woman who had been tortured almost to death asked me: "Why do the American people do this to us?" I was sick with shame, as all of us would be if we knew the whole story. Commendable as it is, your article barely scratches the surface.

HAROLD WILLENS
National Chairman
Businessmen's Educational Fund
Los Angeles

If the Army Suits You

Sir / Hurrah for your article "You're in the Army Now...If It Suits You" [Dec. 18]. The Army needs a few more Sergeant Klapps to protest what can only be described as fraudulent re-enlistment gimmicks.

(SP-4) THOMAS P. GORSKI
St. Leonard Wood, Mo.

Sir / The Army should tell it like it is and accept only those recruits who are men enough to take it.

We taxpayers deserve a hell of a lot better than what we're getting. We pay for a fighting force to defend us, and we get a social club.

J.W. SLATTON
Bowling Green, Ohio

Opus Dei and Politics

Sir / It was with great interest that I read your article related to Spanish politics, "The Unsolved Problems of Succession" [Dec. 11]. In speculating about the political future of Spain, you suggest that "a possibility is a coalition between the army and Opus Dei."

The possibility of such a coalition just does not make sense, for the simple reason that Opus Dei has nothing to do with politics, as its ends are exclusively spiritual.

Your so-called definition of Opus Dei

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These benefits are not payable for disabilities that start after retirement or age 65 (whichever comes first), nor for losses caused by war or military ser-

vices; narcotics, unless prescribed by a physician; childbirth, pregnancy or resulting complications; pre-existing conditions except as described below.

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[1] You may qualify for up to \$1,200.00 monthly income benefits to spend as you see fit when you're sick or hurt and can't work!

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[5] Your policy protects you as a passenger in any kind of aircraft—even a private plane!

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[7] You have this renewal agreement: Mutual of Omaha guarantees that no matter how much you may receive in benefits, you cannot be singled out for policy termination or for a premium increase. The only time your premium can be changed is when premiums for all policies of the same classification in your state are changed!

How much monthly income do you qualify for? Find out. Send for full facts about this basic protection that helps you keep your promise, and you will also receive information about the fine plans to meet your life insurance needs now available from Mutual of Omaha's affiliate, United of Omaha. These facts are yours without cost or obligation. Mail the postpaid reply card now.



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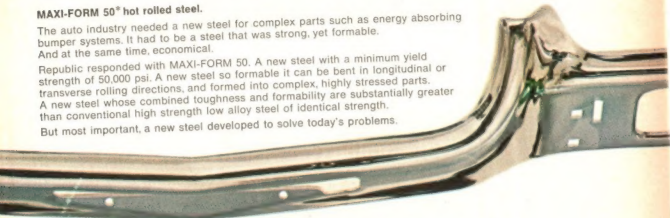
from the new steel company.

MAXI-FORM 50* hot rolled steel.

The auto industry needed a new steel for complex parts such as energy absorbing bumper systems. It had to be a steel that was strong, yet formable. And at the same time, economical.

Republic responded with MAXI-FORM 50. A new steel with a minimum yield strength of 50,000 psi. A new steel so formable it can be bent in longitudinal or transverse rolling directions, and formed into complex, highly stressed parts. A new steel whose combined toughness and formability are substantially greater than conventional high strength low alloy steel of identical strength.

But most important, a new steel developed to solve today's problems.



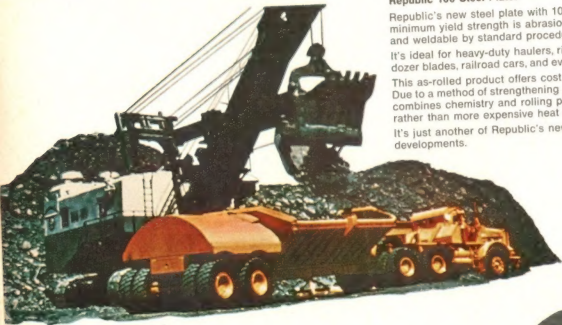
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It's ideal for heavy-duty haulers, river barges, dozer blades, railroad cars, and even coal chutes.

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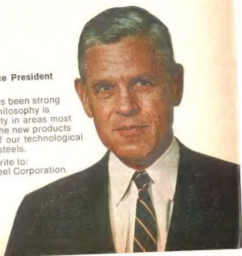
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THEN: A million brutal shakes on Thiebol Laboratory's missile vibrator in Utah.



AFTER: This '73 Ford still runs quiet. Not one decibel louder than before.

After more than one million bumps and shakes on these missile vibrators, this 1973 Ford rides as quietly as ever.

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You probably saw it on television. This '73 Ford Galaxie 500 took hour after hour of torture on special vibrators designed to test missiles, then rode away not one decibel noisier than before. How did Galaxie do it? Some engineering advances helped: a strong new frame, a new suspension geometry and computer-tuned body mounts.

Yet there's more to Galaxie 500 than quiet ride. There are power front disc brakes, power steering and Cruise-O-Matic transmission, standard. And outstanding options to please the most demanding driver. Like a rear window defroster, and new power vent windows.

See the new '73 Galaxie at your Ford Dealer's now.

The 1973 Ford Galaxie 500 shown above with optional deluxe bumper group, white sidewalls, full wheel covers, vinyl insert bodyside moldings and radio.

FORD GALAXIE 500

FORD DIVISION



All 1973 cars must meet Federal Emissions Standards before sale. See your Ford Dealer for details.

LETTERS

as "a mystical network of Catholic laymen and clerics whose members combine spiritual discipline with temporal progress" is not only unfortunate, but it is also unfair to me personally since I belong to Opus Dei. I have never aspired to combine this "cocktail" of the spiritual with temporal progress, nor am I subjected to any kind of discipline or connected with any "mystical network." Belonging to Opus Dei concerns only my private life and does not affect at all my opinions or my political activity for which I alone am responsible.

LAURENCE LÓPEZ RODÓ

Madrid

■ TIME is pleased that Señor López Rodó, Spain's Minister for Economic Development, had the opportunity to read the story discussing the problems of the succession, since the Dec. 11 issue was banned in his country. An estimated 25,000 copies of the story were circulated by private groups, however, including the politically influential Opus Dei.

White's Hope

Sir / TIME's story "White's Great Hope" (Jan. 1), referring to the job accomplished by S.E. ("Bunkie") Knudsen since his election as chairman and chief executive officer of the White Motor Corp. is timely and well deserved. One inaccuracy, however, demands correction. Although stockholders may hope TIME is prophetic, a reading of current New York Stock Exchange quotations would indicate White's price range as TIME reported it was in error.

SAMUEL H. HILL

Vice President
Public Relations
White Motor Corp.
Cleveland

■ The price of White Motor stock at last year's end was \$14.50.

What Broadway Needs

Sir / The article on the current Broadway season (Dec. 25) really neglects the heart of the problem. Gigantic new theaters, like the Uris, have enormous overhead and operating costs that almost assure us that a show must be artistically dead before a producer dares take it on.

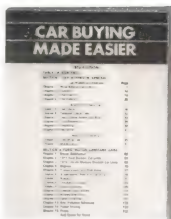
What Broadway needs is a lot of 199-seat theaters that can be operated at a reasonable overhead, theaters where playwrights, directors, and actors can work grow; and develop new audiences.

LOUIS PHELPS

Department of Humanities
Maritime College
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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Ticket to the Coronation

Since the U.S. has no official royalty, its leaders try to compensate by crowning their Presidents amid as much hoopla as they can devise. James and Dolley Madison set the tone back in 1809 with the first official inaugural ball in Washington—at \$4 per couple.

Since then, American inaugurations have become progressively extravagant. Because the ceremonies must pay for themselves—this year's total bill will be around \$4,000,000—they have also grown plutocratically expensive. Tickets for the Nixon ball on Jan. 20 are \$40 a throw, with boxes for eight going for \$1,000.

Spread over three days is a series of concerts, variety shows and receptions saluting states, ethnic minorities, and just about anyone else who really wants to be saluted. The cost ranges from \$10 to \$500. For the parade itself, a choice box seat on Pennsylvania Avenue runs \$50. A couple attending the inauguration could spend a total of \$1,590 for tickets. However, as one official was at pains to point out, "there is no charge for standing space along the route."

Lock 'Em Up

Drug usage and the violence it inspires are mounting across the nation, but nowhere is the problem more grave than in New York City, with its estimated 360,000 addicts. The volatility of the drug-crime syndrome also makes good political fodder.

Governor Nelson Rockefeller was aware of all that—and deeply frustrated as well by the state's continued failure to conquer the problem. Thus last week, he stepped before the state legislature and called for a drastic drug program. The Governor's diamond-hard line mandatory life sentences for all hard-drug pushers and hard-drug users who commit violent crimes while under the influence. The sentences would preclude any possibility of parole or plea bargaining (although those in their upper teens would become eligible for parole after 15 years).

There is plenty of support in New York and elsewhere for the sternest possible drug-control measures. Said Dr. Beny Primm, executive director of Addiction Research and Treatment Corp. in Brooklyn's drug-ravaged Bedford-Stuyvesant area: "I'm not a civil libertarian any more when it comes to the

destruction of lives. I hate to sound so conservative, but this is from five years in the field. I see it every day. People say, 'Lock the pushers up, even if they're my son or daughter.'"

But criticism of the speech came from various sides, including the New York Civil Liberties Union and proponents of New York's six-year-old, billion-dollar methadone program (TIME, June 14, 1971), who feel that Rockefeller has not given their scheme a sufficient chance. There were some sober appraisals of the Governor's proposals. Did he really mean to include hashish in the hard-drug category? Where was he going to get all the jails? Said Gordon Chase, New York City health services administrator: "He makes no distinction between kids and big-time pushers. What about the 16-year-old who sells an ounce? He's a kid, he makes a mistake. Are you going to slap him in jail for 15 years?"

Deadly Way of Life

As he had been assigned to guard the Jordanian embassy last week, London Constable Peter Simon did something most unusual for a hobby: he armed himself. En route to the embassy he encountered a bank stick-up and pulled his revolver. In the ensuing gunfight one of the bandits wounded Simon—but not before the bobby had killed one of the robbers.

Such an incident would have gone virtually unnoticed in any major city in the U.S. In London, Fleet Street and the BBC treated the shootout as if it were a holocaust. The reason: that was only the third shooting of a suspect by a London policeman since 1951.

Compare that with, say, New York City, where policemen carry their pistols even when they are off duty. In 1972 alone there were 67 suspects killed by policemen, while five officers themselves were shot and killed. All of which indicates again—if more indicators are needed—that guns and violence are too easily accepted as an inevitable way of American life. The grisliest recent proof of this came from Atlanta, a city that holds the unenviable distinction now of leading the nation in the homicide rate. The 255th and last murder on the 1972 books occurred late New Year's Eve, when a Florida man telephoned his wife from a booth to assure her that he had arrived safely and that she should not worry about the horror stories she had heard about Atlanta. His last words to her were: "He's got a gun...no, you're not going to..."



NIXON CONGRATULATING GENERAL HAIG



LE DUC THO ARRIVING IN PARIS



A Willing Suspension of Disbelief

ON the surface, there seemed little reason to expect that the talks between Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger and North Vietnamese Chief Negotiator Le Duc Tho, which resume in Paris this week, would be any more fruitful than the meetings that had gone before. In Saigon, South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu dispatched a pair of senior diplomats to Washington to reaffirm his opposition to any peace treaty that does not guarantee the sovereignty of the South. In North Viet Nam, which had been further devastated by U.S. bombing during the two weeks before the New Year, the government issued a detailed and unprecedented public order for evacuation of major cities and industrial sites and the dispersal of factories—suggesting that Hanoi saw little hope ahead.

Square One. Yet, almost inexplicably after its earlier pessimism, the White House seemed to exude a private sense that the peace could be made in Paris this month. Its current mood—involving almost a willing suspension of disbelief—was based in part on some apparent progress in the newly resumed secret technical talks, which were delving into the mechanics of the cease-fire—how large the international control commission should be, for instance, and what powers it should have.

The closely guarded hopefulness was also grounded in a belief that North Viet Nam still stands by its agreement of last October to separate the cease-fire—the military aspects of the conflict—from the eventual political settlement. "We are not back to square one," insists a ranking U.S. diplomat in Paris. But neither had the Administration returned to the heady optimism of last October when Kissinger, at the peak of

his prestige, made his famous pronouncement that peace was at hand.

Since then, Kissinger's reputation has become somewhat tarnished, and Washington observers have seized every opportunity to search for hints of a rift between the President and his foreign policy adviser—including last week's congenial ceremony at which Nixon awarded a Distinguished Service Medal to Kissinger's longtime deputy, General Alexander H. Haig Jr. But in the end, obviously, Kissinger's reputation—and his place in history—will stand on what finally happens in Paris.

If Kissinger's past performance is any criterion, he has already laid down priorities for discussion with Le Duc Tho and narrowed the issues to fundamentals. Those fundamentals are the release of American war prisoners conditional only upon U.S. withdrawal, a cease-fire and an international observer force of some consequence. The President does not regard the presence of North Vietnamese troops in South Viet Nam as an insurmountable problem. In the eleven days of savage bombings, he strengthened the Thieu regime as much as he could, at a heavy cost to his own international prestige. Nixon would like to achieve a truce before Jan. 20, the beginning of his second term.

Both Blinked. An agreement, if it comes, will probably also include a semantic compromise on Vietnamese unity—as in the preamble to the Washington-Hanoi draft agreement of last October, in which the U.S. reportedly acknowledged the "unity" of Viet Nam while extracting from the North the concession that the country was temporarily not unified. The U.S. is not likely to win a guarantee that Hanoi will refrain from using violence to impose its system on the South. But Washington seeks, at the least, an assurance that Hanoi will respect the DMZ as a temporary border between two sovereign halves of a divided country.

After the U.S. resumed bombing, was it Washington or Hanoi that blinked first and called for renewed negotiations? The answer seems to be that both sides reacted more or less simultaneously to various pressures.

Richard Nixon undoubtedly expected a certain amount of opposition from America's allies to a resumption of U.S. bombing. But his sense of reality seemed to fail him. He was not prepared for the continuing avalanche of outrage and revulsion that his actions set off in practically every Western capital. Last week the Canadian House of Commons unanimously passed a resolution deploring the U.S. air attacks on Hanoi and Haiphong—a form of protest that, as Secretary of State for External Affairs Mitchell Sharp acknowledged, "we

rarely use." Nor did Nixon expect the bombing to be so costly in American lives and planes; by week's end 16 B-52s had been lost and 98 airmen killed, captured or missing.

Still another factor was the rising fury of many members of Congress against the U.S. bombing and the President's continued failure to explain it or justify it. Both the House and Senate Democratic caucuses last week passed resolutions—the Senate group by 36 to 12—calling for a cutoff of war funds subject only to the return of U.S. prisoners. Senators George McGovern and Mark Hatfield introduced, for the third time, a similar resolution calling for withdrawal from Viet Nam.

Doubts. At the least, the Administration felt, Congress should have held its fire until after the January round of negotiations. "Members of Congress should ask themselves," declared White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler, "if they want to take the responsibility of raising doubts in the minds of the North Vietnamese about the U.S. position, and thereby possibly prolonging the negotiations." The point might seem more valid if the Administration had not been saying much the same thing for more than three years in an effort to silence opposition—as in September 1969, when the President urged American political leaders to "match the sacrifices" of the nation's fighting men.

It is true that Congress's mood of frustration and anger will not strengthen Henry Kissinger's hand at Paris. It is also true, however, that congressional action may help in the end to force a solution. The bombing of the North has given Thieu a final chance, and now he, too, will be expected to settle.

If Washington was under pressure to resume negotiations, so was North Viet Nam—and not only from the U.S. bombing. The North Vietnamese have been urged by both the Soviet Union and China to try to reach a quick accord. Hanoi could hardly have been encouraged by Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev's mild references to the bombing in his recent speech at the 50th anniversary of the U.S.S.R.—or by the fact that he sent his son and daughter to meet Tricia and Edward Cox at a U.S. Embassy reception in Moscow last week. The message was clear: Hanoi's sponsors want a settlement.

Thus this week, once again, the last act looms in Paris, though its end remains unwritten. The peace—badly stained, to be sure, by the events of the past month—appears to be underfoot if not exactly at hand. "Things are at a point," a top Administration official said carefully last week, "where the coming sessions could do it or the coming sessions can go on forever."



NORTH VIETNAMESE CHILDREN ON DOWNED B-52

The Crack in the Constitution

THE U.S. is facing a constitutional crisis. That branch of Government that most closely represents the people is not yet broken, but it is bent and in danger of snapping. A Congress intended by the framers of the Constitution to be the nation's supreme policy setter, lawmaker and reflector of the collective will has been forfeiting its powers for years. Now a President in the aftermath of a landslide seems intent upon further subordinating it and establishing the White House ever more firmly as the center of federal power.

Whatever the merits of Richard Nixon's intentions in trying to hold down federal spending or seeking peace in Viet Nam in his own way, his actions represent, among other things, a serious challenge to Congress as an institution. In Viet Nam, he has mined harbors and turned the massive bombing on and off like a spigot with no advance consultation with Congress and with explanation, if at all, only after the fact. He has vetoed congressional ap-

propriations, which is his right. But he has also ignored Congress when it overrode his veto, refusing to spend the money appropriated—which is not his clear right. He has used a brief recess of Congress to "pocket veto" bills, extending a power intended only as an end-of-session action. Even as he centralizes more powers of the Executive Branch within his White House staff, he has drawn a cloak of Executive privilege around his men, refusing to allow key decision makers to be questioned by congressional committees. The trend could be ominous for the future of representative government.

life...to safeguard the constitutional role of the House as a strong and influential branch of our national Government."

More concretely, members of both houses expressed stronger sentiment than ever to cut off funds for the Viet Nam War unless Nixon quickly negotiates peace (see story, page 11). Indignant at Nixon's bombing tactics while Congress was in adjournment, Mansfield proposed that it never again adjourn sine die, retaining instead the right to call itself back into special session—a brusque indication that Mansfield does not trust Nixon. Rather than waiting for the President to present his legislative requests, Mansfield and Albert both listed priorities of their own—mainly bills that Nixon had vetoed last year.

Turning to the Judicial Branch for help, more than 20 Senators, including such fiscal conservatives as Mississippi's James Eastland and John Stennis, signed a brief asking a federal court to force Nixon to spend impounded high-

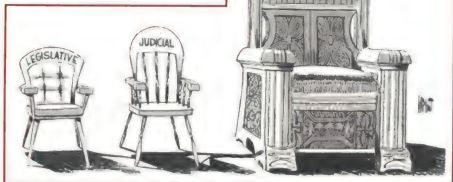
way trust funds, as demanded by the state of Missouri. North Carolina Senator Sam Ervin, the Senate's leading constitutional expert, declared that the Constitution gives "the power of the purse exclusively to Congress," and that presidential impounding of funds is "contemptuous" of both the Congress and the Constitution.

These new demands that Congress reassert itself only dramatize how far the national legislature has fallen; those lost powers were once taken for granted as congressional prerogatives. Nor can the protests be considered merely the customary complaint of the out party over the fact that the other party controls the White House. The decline of Congress began years ago.

Yet a further challenge to congressional rights was posed by Nixon last week as he shifted the powers of key Cabinet members in order to present as almost a *fait accompli* a reorganization of the Executive Branch that Congress has so far declined to approve. He elevated three of his Cabinet appointees to the title of White House Counselor, and gave them broader authority. Caspar W. Weinberger will not only be HEW Secretary but will also supervise all of the "human resources" functions now scattered in various departments. James T. Lynn, the HUD Secretary, will administer all community-development programs, and Earl Butz, Secretary of Agriculture, has a new mandate over all "natural resources" activities. Democratic Senator Abraham Ribicoff has warned that any attempt by the President to reorganize the Executive Branch by decree poses a constitutional issue.

Stable. In comparison with other national assemblies, Congress still stands out as relatively stable and more representative than most. Tennessee's Republican Senator William Brock may be right in calling it "one of the most remarkable institutions known to man," and Ervin may not be off base in terming it "the most powerful political legislative body on the face of the earth." Indeed, the individual quality of Senators and Congressmen has never been higher. Yet in relation to the presidency and within the unique American system of balanced arms of Government, Congress has been failing. It no longer effectively checks the President, as required by the Constitution.

TIME is devoting much of the observance of its 50th anniversary to a study of Congress and its decline. Al-



Although the institutional integrity

As the 93rd Congress convened last week, there were signs that the lawmakers are finally aroused, determined to meet the White House challenge. While Nixon has his landslide, 96% of incumbent Congressmen seeking re-election and 80% of such Senators also won. Predominantly Democratic, they feel they have a mandate of their own.

Although the institutional integrity

ready TIME has held four regional meetings at which scholars, members of Congress and civic leaders discussed the problem and possible remedies. What is really at stake, explained Editor-in-Chief Hedley Donovan, is "whether a democratic society puts some value on collective wisdom as opposed to centralized individual wisdom, and whether the Congress can make a more constructive contribution to public policy."

One Way. While not all participants in the meetings agreed, the current state of the Congress was often described in dire terms. Oregon's Republican Senator Bob Packwood saw Congress as being in danger of slipping into the role of a mere "vetoing agency," with ability only to object to presidential initiatives. That would give the U.S. a Government described by Packwood as "very close to an Executive monarchy." The University of Pittsburgh's Charles Jones suggested that "Congress may be on a slide down that 100-ft. razor blade, with no way to pull itself back." Ribicoff, who has served both on Capitol Hill and as a Cabinet member, said that "Pennsylvania Avenue has become a one-way street," with all the power flowing from a White House that "invariably lies to the Congress, massages it and seduces it to get its will."

TIME Congressional Correspondent Neil MacNeil points out Gallup polls indicating that 57% of Americans cannot name their Congressman, and only 19% can cite a single thing he has done. Congress has slipped so badly, says MacNeil, that it may soon be necessary "to stuff a Congressman and stick him in the Smithsonian among other extinct species, so that future generations will know what a Congressman looked like."

In its earliest days, Congress had less cause to quarrel with the White House: elected indirectly by what was then a truly independent electoral college, the President existed almost solely to carry out the congressional will. He was regarded as a national administrator, and did not even dare veto a bill he personally opposed unless he believed that signing it would violate his oath to uphold the Constitution. The early fights came instead between the Congressmen, elected by popular vote in their home districts, and the Senators, selected by state legislatures.

The House may have been, as De Tocqueville said, "remarkable for its vulgarity and its poverty of talent." But it was dominant, having the sole power to initiate revenue legislation and impeach federal officials, including the President. The Senate's role, as Alexander Hamilton described it, was to "correct the prejudices, check the intemperate passions and regulate the fluctuations" of the more democratic House. Actually, the Senate was generally too cowed by the popular clout of the House—and too conceded—to object. It was largely the House, through its influential Speaker Henry Clay, that

led the U.S. into the War of 1812—despite the reluctance of President James Madison. Clay was the kind of autocrat who, upon leaving a party at sunrise and being asked how he could preside over the House that day, replied: "Come up, and you shall see how I will throw the reins over their necks."

The erosion of House dominance began with the grass-roots movement that elected Andrew Jackson in 1828. Jackson conceived the argument that he was the only representative of all the people. He also introduced patronage, thereby enhancing the role of the Senate, which alone had the right to approve or reject presidential appointees. The great debates over slavery that pre-

ceded the Civil War were staged in the Senate rather than the House, which was fragmented over the issue. Yet even Abraham Lincoln, who emancipated slaves by fiat, sometimes deferred to Capitol Hill. Said he: "Congress should originate, as well as perfect, its measures without external bias."

The Civil War's divisions helped create a strong two-party system in which a succession of powerful House Speakers used positions of party leadership to restore the supremacy of that chamber. These men—first James G. Blaine, then Samuel J. Randall, John G. Carlisle and finally Tom Reed—appointed committee chairmen, dictated legislative priorities, and then deter-

Uncle Joe Cannon: "Iron Duke" of Congress

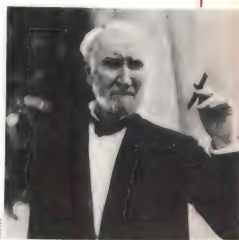
"I am goddamned tired of listening to all this babble for reform. America is a hell of a success."

—Joseph G. Cannon

NOTHING annoyed "Uncle Joe" Cannon more than the idea of change, and during the eight years he ruled Congress as Speaker of the House, most calls for reform were icily snubbed. From 1903 to 1911, Congress under Cannon was at the height of its power, intimidating—and thwarting—even so aggressive a President as Theodore Roosevelt. Snorted Cannon at one piece of forest legislation: "Not one cent for scenery." Wrote a contemporary scholar: "There is some room for saying Cannon is even more powerful than the President of the United States. Today, the Speaker is the absolute arbiter of our national legislation."

Cannon's influence was built on three great weapons, all inherited from Speakers of the past. First, he controlled all committee assignments. Second, only Cannon could recognize members on the floor. Finally, Cannon was chairman of the Rules Committee, which oversaw the flow of legislation. Both careers and legislation depended on his whim. He was called the "Iron Duke of American politics."

Tough, smart and profane, he ranks with Henry Clay, Thomas Reed and Sam Rayburn among the most powerful Speakers ever. A bred-in-the-bone Republican from Illinois, he was first elected to the House in 1872—a century ago—and served a total of 46 years. Above all, he was a party loyalist. It was that quality, coupled with his own complete honesty and steely determination, that brought him through the ranks, first to the chairmanship of the key House Appropriations Committee, then to the Speakership. Arbitrary and cantankerous, piercing gray eyes flickering from a ruddy, chin-whiskered face, he might expectably have been hated by his colleagues. He was not. At



the end of his first term as Speaker, Republicans and Democrats alike joined to give him a loving cup as a "mute token of our affection."

When the attacks on him began, they were directed more at his hostility to progress than at the man himself. In 1909, 1910 and 1911, in a series of bitter confrontations, his three great powers were stripped away and Cannon himself was forced to step down. It was the beginning of the long erosion of congressional power. Some current suggestions for reform have an unmistakable whiff of Cannonism to them, notably Carl Albert's plan to exact "loyalty oaths" from new Democratic members of the Rules Committee. Cannon himself would have been horrified by such halfway measures. When he retired from politics in 1923 (and became TIME's first cover subject), TIME summed him up as "the supreme dictator of the Old Guard. Never did a man employ the office of Speaker with less regard for its theoretical impartiality." In the 93rd Congress, a touch of Cannon's toughness—if not his cantankerous complacency—might be an asset

THE NATION

mined the fate of their bills by the simple power of whom to recognize on the floor. By 1890, Reed was so contemptuous of the White House that he spurned presidential invitations to discuss his congressional plans. It was Reed who told a colleague in 1892: "I have been 15 years in Congress and I never saw a Speaker's decision overruled, and you will never live to see it either." The apex of House rule was reached under TIME's first cover subject, Speaker Joe Cannon (see box, page 13).

The first serious 20th century assault on congressional power was made by Theodore Roosevelt, who took the novel step of outlining his own Square Deal program, although he had no great success in getting it enacted. Without asking Congress, he intervened to protect the Panama Canal Zone from Colombian forces, boasting later: "I took the Canal Zone and let Congress debate, and while the debate goes on, the Canal Zone does too." Yet when his successor, President Taft, had the temerity to have a bill drafted and presented to Congress, House Democrats haughtily objected to the notion that they should consider any legislation "drawn at the instance and aid of the President and declared to be the President's bill."

Woodrow Wilson was the first President to enjoy much success with a domestic legislative program of his own creation. But in foreign affairs, the field now so completely a presidential province, he was humiliated by the Senate's post-World War I rejection of his proposed League of Nations. Complained Wilson bitterly: "Senators have no use for their brains, except as knots to keep their bodies from unraveling." No President thereafter was able to mount a serious challenge to Congress until Franklin Roosevelt, who was aided immensely by the crisis urgencies of the Depression and World War II. Roosevelt appealed directly to the people in his fireside chats; radio, and later television, did much to focus the nation's attention on the presidency.

Acolyte. The notion of the Congress as the originator of legislation was reversed by Roosevelt, who began summoning Democratic leaders of both chambers to his office for weekly instructions. This made them political lieutenants of the President. Yet Congress could rebel, as when he tried to pack the Supreme Court. Strong congressional leaders still carried heavy weight after F.D.R., notably Lyndon Johnson in the Senate and Sam Rayburn in the House, but they held a more cooperative attitude toward the White House. Declared Rayburn at one point: "I haven't served under anybody. I have served with eight Presidents."

With the outbreak of World War II, the President became a dominant international figure, and Congress assumed more and more the status of acolyte. The cataclysmic cloud of the atomic bomb immeasurably enhanced the life-and-death powers of the President in world affairs. Although there had been some legislative protests when various Presidents had ignored the constitutional war-making powers of Congress by sending troops briefly into Latin American republics in the 1920s, there was little complaint when Harry Truman committed U.S. forces to Korea and Dwight Eisenhower ordered Marines to Lebanon. John Kennedy kept Congress ignorant of his plans to



"Southern chivalry—argument v. clubs."
CONGRESSMAN ATTACKING SENATOR SUMNER (1856)

invade Cuba, and Lyndon Johnson merely informed Congress that he was sending troops in huge numbers into Viet Nam. The Gulf of Tonkin resolution, giving Johnson a free hand and later repealed under President Nixon—but without any practical effect in either case—only illustrated the congressional impotence in matters of war. For practical purposes, Presidents have moved away from the treaty-making processes, using Executive agreements and grants-in-aid, thus undercutting the Senate's old dominion in this field.

It is, of course, the long frustration of the Viet Nam War more than any other factor that has fed the growing reaction against presidential power. Indeed, there has been an ironic turnaround by academics and liberals who once ex-coriated members of Congress as moss-backed obstructionists regarding the social legislation of F.D.R., Truman and Kennedy. Now such critics attack Congressmen for acquiescing in the war policies of Johnson and Nixon, and for not obstructing more. The rationale of legislators has long been that the President "knows better" than they about a complex problem like Viet Nam through the Executive's intelligence and military bureaucracy. But as the Pentagon papers suggested, all of the expertise does not necessarily yield sound policy; the



"King Andrew the First."

PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON (1832)

T. B. R.



THE CZAR IS DEAD.
LONG LIVE THE CZAR.

CONGRESSMAN THOMAS REED (1894)

decision-making apparatus can achieve a blind momentum of its own. Worse, the White House may deceive Congress about its true intentions. Congressional intervention might well have averted, or shortened, some of the travail—and the need to make a case for Congress might have improved the quality of Executive decision making.

Despite its doubts, Congress has continued to support the war through its military appropriations, partly because it has completely lost its grip on the nation's budget-making machinery. This, even more than the loss of war powers, may be the most debilitating congressional deference to the Executive Branch. Congress once determined, item by item, what the Government should spend for what purpose, then du-

tifully raised the revenue to do so. It has attempted to deal with the growing complexity of spending and taxing by creating a multiplicity of committees and subcommittees. As a result, Congress has no overall view of either function, and thus no means of rationally setting priorities. The Bureau of the Budget, created in 1921 to aid both Congress and the President, has been captured by the Executive, reducing Congress to the role of making minor alterations in a hand-me-down budget produced by each Administration.

TIME's regional meetings produced some intriguing insights into the general causes of the dwindling influence of Congress. Maryland Senator Charles Mathias claims that Congress is so nar-

rowly concerned with each single piece of legislation that it ignores a broader perspective and fails to notice when it is "at a Rubicon, facing a great constitutional watershed." Correspondent MacNeil agrees that the legislators "live, like many people, on the razor edge of right now. They are parochial in time; they lack a sense of the past or a care for the future."

One reason for this, as Ohio's Republican Senator William Saxbe sees it, is that "Congress has declined into a battle for individual survival" in which few members think about the welfare of Congress as a whole. Each reasons that "if you don't stick your neck out, you won't get it chopped off." Thus when a decision is tough, argues Oregon's Packwood, Congress may be more than willing to pass the buck to the President. "We can delegate powers to the President, then sit back and carp or applaud, depending on whether what he does is popular or unpopular. If it's unpopular, we can say, 'What a terrible thing. We wouldn't have done that.'"

Berkeley Political Scientist Nelson Polsby, author of *Congressional Behavior*, finds legislators hampered simply by their need to get re-elected. While the public expects Congressmen to be generalists, competence in a complex area requires specialization—a dilemma Polsby would resolve by urging constituents to expect less "omnicompetence" in their representatives so they can con-

"portray themselves as the gallant fighters against the manifest evils of Congress; they run for Congress by running against Congress." As Congress thus loses prestige, its effectiveness can decline in a self-perpetuating spiral of criticism.

Among the specific areas of congressional decline:

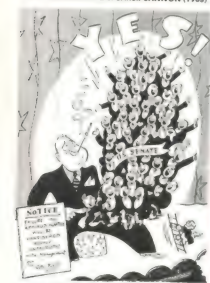
BUDGET. Despite political charges that Congress has been spending the Government into heavy debt, it has actually altered the Administration's budget in recent years by less than 5%. Saxbe illustrated congressional inadequacy in analyzing just one part of the budget: that of the Defense Department, which spends more money on the staff to prepare its budget alone than the whole Congress spends for all of its operations. Against the Pentagon, the Senate Armed Services Committee has only 15 staff members, who, says Saxbe, also "spend a lot of their time campaigning for the committee members, running their offices and hauling their wives around."

Ribicoff, among others, makes a persuasive proposal: Congress should have its own budget bureau to keep up with the overall spending totals, as well as to analyze specific funding needs and set up general priorities. Tennessee's Brock, a conservative who helped organize the Nixon re-election campaign among youth, has introduced a bill to set up a joint House-Senate committee



"Who is steering, anyway?"

TEDDY ROOSEVELT & SPEAKER CANNON (1905)



"The greatest deliberative body in the world."

F.D.R. & COOPERATIVE SENATORS (1938)



"Going to talk to the Boss."

WOODROW WILSON PUSHING LEAGUE (1919)

centrate on their specialized committee work. Polsby considers committee competence the key to a strong Congress.

Another dilemma working to the disadvantage of Congress is described by University of Rochester Political Scientist Richard Fenno, who wrote *The Power of the Purse: Appropriations Politics in Congress*. Fenno claims that most people "love their Congressmen, but not Congress." It is easy to like a legislator for his personal style and policy views, Fenno notes, but difficult to admire a Congress because it is expected to solve national problems—and it rarely can. Moreover, many Congressmen

that would propose a legislative budget, apart from the Administration's request, and create its own priorities. The joint committee, moreover, would periodically review the programs it has funded to see if they are working as intended. But Scholar Ralph Hult worries that such a centralized committee would be easier for a President to control, and that "these people elected by no national group would have no responsibility to anybody."

IMPOUNDING. There is no more direct challenge to congressional power than Nixon's refusal to spend money Congress has appropriated. This issue

THE NATION

apparently is headed for a momentous collision in the courts. Presidents have refused to spend funds in the past as far back as Thomas Jefferson, who withheld some \$50,000 that had been authorized for gunboats to patrol the Mississippi River. But this was generally done then because the need had passed or a project cost less than had been expected. Nixon has used this device as an expanded veto power, impounding some \$6 billion in water-pollution control money and \$5 billion in highway funds. Moreover, he asked Congress for the right to select which appropriations he could reject, in an effort to keep spending within \$250 billion this fiscal year—and the House meekly agreed. Mathias claims the House did so because it saw the matter "as a mere housekeeping item," while Ribicoff termed the Senate's rejection of this request "its most significant action in modern times." Approval would have given the President unprecedented authority to thwart congressional will.

PRIORITIES. Congress has fallen into the habit of mainly reacting to the President's legislative requests, rather than setting its own agenda. Huitt argues that Congress simply does not have the machinery to do so now. Ervin distrusts any effort to change that, contending that Congress is too disparate a body, and each member would have his own priority preferences. "I would set a priority on moonshine liquor," he quips, "because a lot of my constituents still make it up in the hills." As Mansfield and Albert indicated last week, current attempts to set legislative priorities are taking place within the caucuses of the controlling Democratic Party.

STAFFS. Congressional committees, as well as most legislators, have inadequate staffs to compete with the Administration and what some consider a fourth branch of Government: the huge bureaucracy that neither the President nor Congress can control. Despite a 1946 law requiring all committees to hire only professional staff experts, many still use political pals or unskilled generalists. Minnesota's Democratic Senator Walter Mondale noted that when he held a hearing to argue against more aircraft carriers, it was a case of "myself and one college kid versus the U.S. Navy and everybody who wanted to build a carrier, or who had a friend who was an ensign or above. We foolishly handicap ourselves by failing to properly staff ourselves."

General William Westmoreland, on the other hand, assailed Congressmen for not even using Administration-supplied information at committee hearings. He charged that they do not do their homework and are more interested in "stagmanship, self aggrandizement and demagoguery" than in analyzing

"extremely complex" issues. TIME's MacNeil contends that legislators are afraid to hire more help because of adverse public reaction, but that if they forthrightly stated their need, the expense would be accepted.

INFORMATION. Congress needs more help from computers in order to retrieve information and analyze complex statistics. Brock noted that twelve state legislatures have such equipment, while the University of Pittsburgh's Charles Jones (*Minority Party Leadership in Congress*) estimated that Congress has "the computer capability, roughly, of the First National Bank of Kadoka."



MONDALE, ERVIN & HARRIS IN CONFERENCE



CONGRESSMEN O'NEILL & DRINAN

S. Dak." Declared Mondale. "Whenever I am on the side of the Administration, I am surfeited with computer printouts that come within seconds to prove how right I am. But if I am opposed to the Administration, they always come late, prove the opposite point, or are on some other topic. He who controls the computers controls the Congress." Congress should be provided with a modern computer capability.

LEADERS. Despite the new spirit shown by Mansfield and Albert, the leadership in both chambers was widely criticized as too conciliatory or gentlemanly to be effective. What is required, argued Correspondent MacNeil, is some of "the arrogance" of past taskmasters who ran Congress with heavy hands. Jones suggested that there is perhaps no greater congressional need than to strengthen the leaders of each party



SPEAKER ALBERT & AIDE AT OPENING



SENATORS KENNEDY & ERVIN IN CAUCUS

within Congress and thus pin down responsibility. He cited Woodrow Wilson's dictum that "somebody must be trusted, in order that when things go wrong it may be quite plain who should be punished."

SENIORITY. The academic experts generally argued that the seniority system of selecting committee chairmen has been attacked much too broadly as a central evil when in fact it is a minor matter. Henry Hall Wilson, president of the Chicago Board of Trade, even contended that if the seniority system were abolished, the same men would be

chosen as leaders. "Why? Because they are able," Senator Ervin conceded that the system is bad in some respects, "but the only thing that is worse is every alternative that has ever been proposed for it." Such views were challenged by Massachusetts Congressman Robert Drinan, who charged that seniority and some other House rules produce "tyranny and tyrants." Arizona Congressman Morris Udall said wryly: "My God, this is the only institution on earth where you can lead a 'youth rebellion,' as I was accused of doing, at age 47."

Udall attacked the system as giving "national power to people who are responsible to a limited constituency; Wilbur Mills, one of the most able men in Congress, is not chairman for Little Rock, but for Los Angeles and Long Beach and Prescott, Ariz." Udall has proposed a plan for the majority-party caucus to elect committee chairmen from among the three senior members

on each committee, and by secret ballot. In sum, it may well be necessary to drop or at least modify the seniority system in order to encourage more legislators to develop expertise, with the expectation of gaining influence sooner.

RE-ELECTION PRESSURES. The need for Congressmen to be constantly seeking re-election was deplored, although some scholars argued that it actually keeps them better informed on the desires of their constituents than any other federal officials. Also assailed was the dependence of many legislators on campaign contributions from donors with potential special interests. Mondale termed this "the dark side of the political moon, tragic and dangerous." Saxbe said a donor almost always expects a return favor. "It is like the boy who buys a girl a beer and then expects the right to squeeze it out of her." There is a strong need for public funding of campaigns.

SECRECY. While deploring the spreading use of Executive privilege by recent Administrations, the panelists could suggest little that Congress can do to check it. Another problem, of course, is the

THE PRESS. Panelists criticized the press for its overconcentration on the White House, its relatively superficial coverage of Congress and its oversimplification of the reforms necessary to make Congress more effective. "If Henry Kissinger is the best national journalist can do for a sex symbol in national politics," noted Jones, "then they have not completed the search." Mondale claimed that reporters follow a "star system," and fail to spot talented and courageous newcomers, many of whom quit politics when they see no one supporting their efforts.

Other possible reforms would involve improving the public image of legislators by tightening conflict-of-interest rules, including the banning of outside work (the \$42,500 annual salary, plus expense allowance, should be adequate to make the job worthy of a member's full time). The overseer functions of committees should be emphasized, to determine whether the congressional intent of programs is being carried out by the Executive Branch.

Some argue that the problems on the Hill are psychological, having to do with the sheer will of Congress to make itself felt. Perhaps more than any specific set of reforms, the Congress needs only to use more fully the tools and potential it has long possessed. "Reforms are not going to make any difference unless there is the will in Congress to want to govern," contends Packwood. "We can set policy, we can take back the powers if we want. But we have said 'can't, can't, can't' so long it has become an excuse for 'won't.'" Sums up MacNeil: "I have never seen Capitol Hill so alive to its problems, so anxious to begin the restoration. Yet whether that will can be sustained for an extended time—time enough to accomplish the ends—is debatable. Carrying the hard commitment for the necessary months and years is not easy done."

In an age of growing complexity—and in an era when momentous global decisions might have to be made in an instant—a strong presidency is necessary. But not a presidency made strong with the usurped powers of another branch. As a former Senator and Congressman, it seems strange that Nixon does not fully appreciate this. The shape in which Congress emerges from its crisis, whether regaining its lost luster or continuing to recede, to function as a kind of windy Washington side-show, may be determined by what the public demands of it. Ultimately, the nation gets the kind of Congress it deserves. As Charles Jones observes: "Whatever is wrong with Congress may also reflect ills in the society. And if the legislature fails, democracy fails."



SENATORS CHURCH & JACKSON CHAT, THEN HUDDLE IN STEERING COMMITTEE MEETING



SENATE MAJORITY LEADER MANSFIELD

excessive secrecy of Congress itself. The House Appropriations Committee opened only 33 of its 399 meetings last year, the House Ways and Means Committee closed 48 of its 76 sessions, the Senate Finance Committee held 85 of its 110 meetings behind closed doors and the Senate Armed Services Committee went into secret session in 109 of its 152 meetings. It is at committee meetings that most of the key decisions of Congress are made. Declares John Gardner, head of Common Cause: "These matters are secret only to the public. The Public Works Committee holds no mysteries for the highway lobby, nor the Agriculture Committee for agribusiness. The deliberations of the Ways and Means or Finance Committee are accessible to a whole swarm of loophole lizards." More of the crucial committee deliberations should be opened to the press in order to improve public understanding of congressional action and problems.

A Cast of Characters for the 93rd Congress

OVER the next two years, the leaders of the 93rd Congress face not only the usual legislative tasks but also the enormous job of revitalizing the Congress itself. The effort will enlist a wide variety of newcomers and veterans. Among those who will play the principal roles in that effort:

SENATE MAJORITY LEADER MIKE MANSFIELD, 69, has bossed the Senate since Lyndon Johnson shifted to the Executive Branch in 1961, but his style is far less forceful and flamboyant. A quiet, studious Montanan, he has a deep and abiding respect for the individual rights and prerogatives of each Senator that is both his main strength and his main weakness. Says one colleague: "Mansfield tries to lead within the confines and strictures of this goddam institution, but we need stronger leadership." His Republican counterpart, Minority Leader Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, has been similarly criticized. A pipe-puffing moderate, Scott can standstill if necessary but prefers low-key methods. He and Mansfield are good friends and work well together, despite certain differences on the Administration and the Viet Nam War. Mansfield, a harsh critic of the Nixon Administration and an outspoken foe of the Viet Nam War, now seems intent on restoring Congress's position vis-à-vis the Executive. He insists that reform is inescapable. Criticized for his methods, Mansfield once replied: "I am what I am, and no title, political face lifter or image maker can alter it."

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE CARL ALBERT, 64, more than any other single Congressman will bear blame or credit for the 93rd Congress's record. Great things were expected of the Oklahoma Democrat when he was first elected Speaker two years ago. He proved to be something of a disappointment. Serious, short, a graduate of both the elementary school of Bug Tussle, Okla., and Oxford, he is one of the brainiest men in Congress but seemed to shrink from the head knocking a strong House leader must perform. Now he promises new toughness; he intends to demand total loyalty from Democrats on the Rules Committee, and he is showing signs of stiffening on the Viet Nam War issue. If Congress is to change, Albert must lead.

HOUSE MINORITY LEADER GERALD FORD, 59, a Nixon loyalist, faces the difficult task of pushing the President's legislative programs through the House in the face of Democratic voting superiority. A major clash will come early over Viet Nam; Ford's task is to hold Republicans in line behind Nixon's policy and to woo Democratic support as well. A Congressman who has represented Michigan since 1948, ex-Football Star Ford is known for his willingness to seek consensus rather than discord as well as for his feelings that Republicans must offer solutions of their own rather than simply blind opposition to Democratic initiatives.

HOUSE MAJORITY LEADER THOMAS ("TIP") O'NEILL, 60, is a quick-witted, pragmatic Massachusetts liberal who has bridged the gap between the old politics and the new—and made no enemies in the process. Perhaps the best-liked man in the House, the successor to the late Hale Boggs has served in Congress since 1953 (when he succeeded John F. Kennedy as the Congressman from Cambridge). He is an acknowledged expert on parliamentary procedures. His popularity and skills will be put to the test in this session: he will hold a key position in the fight to create an effective party alternative to proposals from the White House. Once a hawk, O'Neill turned dove in 1967 and is expected to lead the House against the war if the peace talks fail.

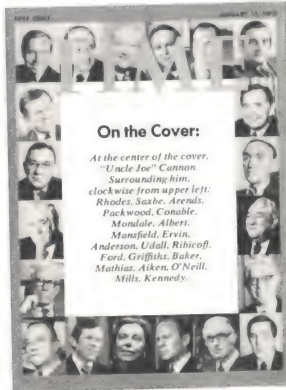
SENATOR GEORGE AIKEN, 80, is a plain-talking, sharp-thinking Vermont Republican who has served in the Senate since 1941 and has definite views on the predicament of Congress. During the Pentagon papers affair, he noted caustically that "for

a long time, the Executive Branch has tended to regard Congress as a foreign enemy—to be told as little as possible." Aiken is the senior Republican member of the Foreign Relations Committee; he is in the vortex of the struggle between Administration and congressional critics on Viet Nam. Old Friend Mike Mansfield says that Aiken is neither a hawk nor a dove but a "wise old owl," and there are indications that Aiken may well take the field against his party's President if the war does not end soon.

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN ANDERSON of Illinois, 49, the senior Republican on the Rules Committee, has a solid reputation as one of the most eloquent and outspoken members of the House. A firm advocate of civil rights who is chairman of the party caucus, he looks with distaste on the present state of Congress: "I feel I am a creature and a child of Congress," he said last week, "and when I see what has happened to this body, it pains me beyond words."

REPRESENTATIVE LESLIE ARENDS, 77, has been Republican Whip for 30 years and is one of Gerald Ford's key aides in pushing Nixon legislation through the House. Popular and gregarious, an unsung parliamentary tactician of confounding skill, he blocked a 1971 House vote on the Mansfield Amendment, which called for withdrawal of all U.S. troops from Viet Nam within six months. For all his enthusiasm, however, the Illinoisian is frank about G.O.P. problems when they occur. "The way things are going," he said during a low point, "we couldn't put the Ten Commandments into the bill."

SENATOR HOWARD BAKER, 47, is a brash and bright Republican from Tennessee who waited only three years after his first election in 1966 to challenge Hugh Scott for the party's Senate minority leadership. He lost, but gained stature in defeat.



On the Cover:

At the center of the cover, "Uncle Joe" Cannon. Surrounding him, clockwise from upper left: Rhodes, Saxbe, Arends, Packwood, Conable, Mondale, Albert, Mansfield, Ervin, Anderson, Udall, Ribicoff, Ford, Griffiths, Baker, Mathias, Aiken, O'Neill, Mills, Kennedy.

A good friend of Richard Nixon, Baker seconded his nomination in 1968 and was mentioned as a possible 1972 running mate. A son-in-law of the late Everett Dirksen, Baker is loudly antibusing—"a grievous piece of mischief"—but is a strong backer of open housing, a member of the Commerce and Public Works committees.

REPRESENTATIVE BARBER CONABLE, 50, is one of those Congressmen little known to the public but highly regarded by colleagues in the House. A moderate from upstate New York, he is one of the ablest Republicans on the Ways and Means Committee and has fought hard for legislation requiring complete campaign-funding disclosures. He was the leading Republican backing the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1970. His ties to the White House are strong; Conable is an important Nixonian voice in the ranks of Ways and Means.

SENATOR SAM ERVIN, 76, a master of constitutional law who heads the powerful Government Operations Committee, is a Democratic battler for individual rights with a blind spot for blacks. The contradiction is in part explained by his North Carolina origins. He is the most adept Senate story spinner since Alben Barkley. Ervin is deeply concerned over the invasion of privacy involved in federal wiretapping. He is a major figure in the fight against Administration attempts to diminish freedom of the press. He is also a leader in the crusade to restore the power of the purse to Congress, an important part of the search for congressional reform.

REPRESENTATIVE MARTHA GRIFFITHS, 60, is hardly to be typecast as a Women's Libber, but she was far more effective than better-known lawmakers such as Shirley Chisholm and Bella Abzug in getting the women's equal rights amendment passed in 1970. Mrs. Griffiths, a ten-term Democrat from Michigan, is a tough-minded, independent legislator who has displayed little interest in congressional reform. The first woman ever to sit on Ways and Means, she is one of the most influential members in the fight to strengthen Congress's powers to control and direct Government spending.

SENATOR EDWARD KENNEDY, 40, the heir apparent to national Democratic leadership, will be in the forefront of congressional confrontation with the President over the next several years. Considerably sobered by Chappaquiddick in 1969 and his loss of the Senate Whip's job to West Virginia's Robert Byrd in 1971, he is proving a highly adept Senate strategist. Last week Kennedy helped engineer an enlargement of the Democratic Steering Committee, clearing the way for more liberals to move into important committee jobs. Possessor of a flawless liberal voting record, his colleagues say he is a far abler Senator than is generally known.

SENATOR CHARLES MATHIAS of Maryland, 50, is a leading figure in a group of a dozen or so Republican moderates generally referred to by White House aides as "those bastards." The so-called Wednesday Club over the past four years has often carried enough weight to offset the uneasy coalition of conservative Republicans and equally conservative Democrats that generally supports the President. A veteran of four House terms, Mathias is deeply concerned with the role of Congress. As co-chairman (with Senator Adlai Stevenson III) of a series of bipartisan hearings on the problem, Mathias said: "Congress has become a third- or fourth-class power, a separate and thoroughly unequal branch of our national Government."

REPRESENTATIVE WILBUR MILLS, 63, chairman of Ways and Means, is a quiet Arkansas Democrat who holds immense power. Normally intensely jealous of the constitutional powers of the House against the incursions of the Senate or the President, Mills last year pushed through a bill (later defeated in the Senate) to transfer much of Congress's remaining powers of the purse to the Executive. Mills acted out of deep concern over what he felt was a runaway budget, but his col-

leagues were chagrined. His vagueness is legendary. "Wilbur is the greatest advocate in the House," said a colleague, "once he decides what to advocate."

SENATOR WALTER MONDALE, 44, is a quiet, impeccably liberal Minnesotan who in the eight years since he was appointed to Hubert Humphrey's old seat has won a reputation as one of the Senate's soundest, solidest younger members. He has been important in educational legislation, and this session won a place on the Finance Committee. Energetic and ambitious, Mondale is already being touted as a rival to Edward Kennedy in 1976.

SENATOR BOB PACKWOOD, 40, a hard-working, first-term Oregon Republican, is one of his party's most liberal figures. Among his primary concerns are family planning, legalized abortion, ecological programs, and congressional reform. His proposals for overhauling Republican seniority procedure will be discussed this week. If reform comes to be an area of significant action during this session, Packwood will probably emerge as one of its most articulate spokesmen.

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN RHODES, 56, is a staunchly conservative Arizona virtually unknown outside the House. Inside, he stands as one of its most important power brokers. Soft-spoken and unostentatious, Rhodes has chaired the House Republican Policy Committee for eight years, is Gerald Ford's link to the G.O.P.'s right wing and a firm supporter of Administration policy.

SENATOR ABRAHAM RIBICOFF, 62, makes no secret of his anger with the President's attempts to demean the authority of the Congress: "The President and those who serve under him use Congress as a tool, and Congress is a willing tool, massaged and often seduced by the Executive Branch." A Connecticut Democrat who has served as judge, Cabinet officer, Governor and Congressman, Ribicoff is an activist member of the powerful Finance Committee, has worked hard on behalf of highway safety, urban development and conservation, and was one of the staunchest proponents of Nixon's welfare reform legislation—until a year ago, when he said that he was giving up the fight because the Administration did not seem interested in its own program. Pressed to re-enlist in the fight with promises of full support, he rejoined the campaign—only to be torpedoed at election time when the Administration once again lost interest.

SENATOR WILLIAM SAXBE, 56, is an irreverent Ohio Republican who, after generally supporting Nixon during most of his first term, castigated the President ("he has left his senses") over the resumption of the bombing last month. In his first term, Saxbe and Senator Alan Cranston shepherded a major reform through the Senate. They devised the "two-track" system—a technique that sidetracks any legislation that promises to provoke difficulties while allowing less controversial bills to move briskly through the Senate's mills. His outspokenness is rare in the Senate: after several months in Washington, he called the Senate "ridiculous" and later mused that "the trouble with Nixon is those two Nazis [Haldeman and Ehrlichman] he keeps around him." He displayed little respect for Nixonian legislation: "The program this Administration is pushing is appropriate for Herbert Hoover's day."

REPRESENTATIVE MORRIS ("MO") UDALL, 50, has represented Arizona since 1961, when his brother Stewart left Congress to become Secretary of the Interior. An energetic outdoorsman and one of the House's leading conservationists, Udall broke with Lyndon Johnson over Viet Nam in 1967, hurt his chances to rise to formal party leadership when he made an abortive run for the Speakership against John McCormack in 1969. Another Democratic reformer, Udall has focused on the seniority system, which he believes is largely responsible for making the House unresponsive and ineffective.

THE ADMINISTRATION

"Tattletale Gray"

The Federal Bureau of Investigation likes to present itself to the public as a well-oiled crime-fighting monolith that functions without so much as a ping. If that image was never entirely accurate in J. Edgar Hoover's day, it is even less true now under the bureau's acting director, L. Patrick Gray, 56. More and more the bureau's internecine troubles have been surfacing—mainly because Gray's own agents are privately protesting his policies. The most recent and glaring example: Gray's reshuffling of nine veteran members of his headquarters staff, which, among other things, wiped out the bureau's longstanding Crime Records Division. For years it was an elite outfit that served Hoover as a liaison with Congress and the press.

Gray insists that the men are being given jobs that are every bit as important as their previous ones, and that several of the assignments are promotions. However, at least two of the men chose to resign. Gray claims that he is getting rid of "Hooverites," yet some agents accuse him of retaining the most hated of Hoover's hard-line policies.

Among these policies are the harsh disciplinary measures that agents consider unjust; the persistence of power cliques that virtually run the bureau; the perpetuation of Hoover's notorious "blacklist" of people to be shunned, socially and otherwise, by FBI agents; the maintenance of so-called penal colonies, field offices to which agents in disfavor are banished; and leaking FBI information to embarrass officials Gray considers to be his enemies.

Still, nothing has damaged morale at the bureau as much as one of Gray's own innovations—the publicizing of his disciplinary actions. He terms it "airing the linen," but around the bureau these days the practice has earned him the nickname "Tattletale Gray."

Intelligence. Most of those sound like basic housecleaning problems that inevitably crop up when an organization of the size and complexity of the FBI loses the only chief it ever had. But the nagging problem that will not go away is Gray's tie with President Nixon. Whatever Hoover's flaws, no one could accuse him of playing partisan politics; he intended the bureau to be above such doings and made that ideal stick during his reign.

Gray left the Navy in 1960 to join the staff of Vice President Richard Nixon, and served on the Nixon campaign teams in 1960 and 1968. There have been disturbing indications that Gray is not the wholly apolitical administrator that he now claims to be. Back in 1969, when he joined the Health, Education and Welfare Department, he told a meeting of Administration appointees, "Do not retch or quiver when we insist that the preponderant major-

ity of our colleagues—political appointees—be members of our own party." He added: "Loyalty includes an avoidance of criticism of our leaders and of our colleagues. Criticism which is destructive in nature is cancerous—it will destroy us and our entire team."

Gray coached Richard Kleindienst in his testimony before the Senate Judiciary Committee during the I.T.T. controversy, and last summer, at the request of the White House, made campaign speeches for Nixon. He began his talks in Ohio after a presidential aide told him that the state was "crucially vital to our hopes in November." In September he ordered his agents to collect political intelligence for Nixon, and, within the bureau, defended his actions by simply shrugging: "Wouldn't you do that for the President?" Although the request came from a member of Nixon's

order to lose weight. On the other hand, he refused to censure an agent whose son had been involved in a drug scandal or to discipline an agent for delinquent reports on some 72 cases to which he was assigned. Said Gray sensibly: "I might have some overdue reports if I was handling 72 cases." He has also reduced some padded conviction statistics Hoover used to cite to make the bureau look good—although a drunken Indian arrested on a reservation may still end up in the FBI's crime figures.

Thus far, Nixon himself has had nothing but praise for Gray, but it remains to be seen whether the President will permanently give Gray the coveted chair.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Cuban Dilemma

For some months, Cuba's Premier Fidel Castro has been showing nearly as much distaste for Havana-bound hijackers as have American authorities. Last Nov. 10, after three men hijacked a Southern Airways jet and took it on a marathon flight to Cuba (TIME, Nov. 27), Castro ordered them jailed and called for broader measures to put the clamps on aerial piracy. With that, the U.S. and Cuba, through Swiss intermediaries, began negotiations that could lead to a mutual agreement to ensure that hijackers would face harsh punishment for their crime in both countries.

But the negotiations place the U.S. in a dilemma. For as a *quid pro quo* for any agreement, Castro insists on a promise that the U.S. will curb the activities of Cuban exile groups in Florida, which, he charges, have attacked Cuban coastline villages and fishing vessels and helped people escape from Cuba. That means that the U.S., which has always cherished its tradition of giving asylum, now must decide whether to turn back refugees from Cuba.

The American dilemma took on a certain urgency on Dec. 6, when three anti-Castro refugees arrived in Key West. Using a fishing knife and a pistol that would not shoot, the three forced two pro-Castro crewmen on a Cuban fishing boat to take them to Florida. It was clearly a hijacking, whatever the American sympathies in the case. The refugees were arrested, and for the first time since Castro came to power in 1959, anti-Castro Cubans were ordered to return to their native country. The Cubans appealed the deportation order and are now free in Florida on bond.

"If the price of a skyjacking accord with Castro is the deportation of three trusting men, then the price is too great," says one State Department staffer. An Administration official thinks that instead of deportation the three could be then given stiff jail sentences, which would probably satisfy the Castro government even if the jail terms were later shortened or suspended.



FBI'S L. PATRICK GRAY
Apolitical administrator?

on's staff, the White House said later that it was improper to give the assignment to the FBI.

An even pricklier matter is the ongoing Watergate bugging case and the White House anger about news leaks. Several agents complained that Gray's spot inspection of the Washington field office in search of the leaks was actually slowing down the Watergate investigation. Recently Gray transferred three FBI officials who pushed the Watergate investigation into the White House and presidential re-election committee. Two accepted the transfers. The third quit the bureau. Said one Washington agent: "I've been around here a long time, and no one has ever questioned my integrity. Now, because the White House is upset, my integrity has been challenged twice in one week."

Gray did relax Hoover's mandatory weight limits—then turned around and disciplined an agent for disobeying an



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As for outside improvements, they're mostly hidden. (Although the taillights are nearly twice as large as ever before.)

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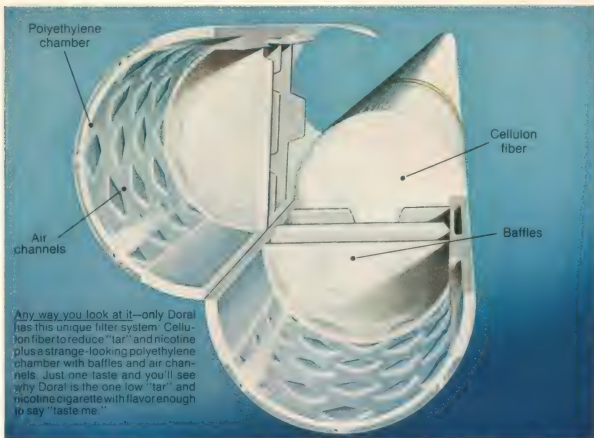
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SOUTH VIETNAMESE SOLDIERS AT QUANG TRI

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

A Tale of Two Broken Cities

Despite the cessation of bombing in the North, a war still goes on in South Viet Nam—a bitter, stalemated war of attrition, fought mostly on the ground between North and South Vietnamese troops struggling for favorable positions prior to a possible cease-fire. Recently, TIME Correspondents David Aikman and Donald Neff visited the sites of two of the longest and bloodiest battles that stemmed from the Communists' Easter offensive: Quang Tri, capital of South Viet Nam's northernmost province, and An Loc, another provincial capital 60 miles north of Saigon. Their reports:

QUANG TRI province, according to a Vietnamese proverb, is a place where "dog eats stone and chicken eats salt." It is easy to appreciate this bit of folk wisdom, writes Aikman. The ugly garbage of war still sprawls obscenely on either side of Highway 1, Viet Nam's major coastal artery. Thousands of U.S.-made shell casings are piled in dull gray heaps. Now and then a refugee village, with its ludicrously colored wooden packing-case houses, appears on the horizon. As one drives closer to Quang Tri city, however, nothing but the rusting carcasses of trucks, ambulances and tanks—both American and Russian—litter the landscape.

Quang Tri city itself is total desolation. As far as the eye can see there is nothing but rubble—this and the protesting skeletons of former hospitals, offices and shops, as well as the blanketing mud that seems to follow lasciviously in the wake of war. Once home for 15,000 people, Quang Tri looks like

Berlin in May 1945. It does, however, contain about 4,000 South Vietnamese troops, who are holding what General Lam Quang Thi, deputy commander of Military Region I, calls "the northern front." Although secure for the moment, it is a narrow front indeed. Across the Thach Han River, barely 100 meters away, are sandbagged North Vietnamese positions.

Suicidal Attacks. Two crack South Vietnamese units hold the front: the airborne division and the marine division. Opposed to them are some of the best troops Hanoi can put in the field: elements of the 304th, 308th, 312th and 320th NVA Divisions, recently reinforced by regiments from the 325th, which had been stationed in Laos. Both sides have suffered heavily in the fighting. During October and November, Quang Tri was shelled by 2,000 to 3,000 rounds of artillery and rocket fire every day; more recently, 500 rounds a day has been the average figure. The South Vietnamese estimate that their losses have been around 200 a week; air strikes and suicidal attacks against well-held South Vietnamese positions, they claim, killed an average of 1,862 North Vietnamese troops a week in November and 1,745 a week in December.

The North Vietnamese, whatever their personal courage, are clearly having considerable difficulty getting supplies up to forward positions. A recent batch of wounded prisoners taken by the ARVN airborne had not eaten for four days; they cried out for rice more loudly than for medical attention. U.S. Lieut. Colonel Charles C. Pursley, an

American adviser, remarked that one prisoner brought before him recently was only 17 years old. "Do you want to interrogate me?" the boy asked, trembling. "No," replied the colonel. The youth, astonished, blurted out that he had been told that his division was fighting Americans. Other North Vietnamese prisoners said the same thing.

The South Vietnamese seem to be winning the battle for Quang Tri city, but they still have some major problems. The airborne division and the marines are the only strategic reserves that Saigon possesses. If there was a troop breakdown in other sectors of the South—the Delta, say—both units might well have to be pulled out of Quang Tri and thrown into the breach, thereby calling into question the gains so far attained on the northern front. Supplies and reinforcements must be flown from Saigon by U.S. Air Force C-130s operating out of Thailand. Reason: there are not enough South Vietnamese crews trained to handle these transport aircraft that have been given to Saigon by the Americans.

Nonetheless, South Vietnamese troops in Quang Tri are prepared to fight hard in spite of the peace talks, about which they remain highly skeptical. Said one lieutenant: "It is all a game to deceive us."

Nine months ago, when the North Vietnamese first attacked An Loc, President Nguyen Van Thieu ordered the city held "at all costs"—and it was. An Loc never fell, reports Neff, but neither did it exactly survive. Once a prosperous commercial hub for the area's rubber plantations, An Loc before the siege had a population of 20,000; today it is a Goya-like portrait of the horrors of war, inhabited by perhaps 250 civilians.

Like its people, most of An Loc was

THE WORLD

blown away. Only one or two buildings remain, and they are heavily damaged. The hospital, the church, the girls' school—all are gone. Nobody knows how many people died at An Loc, but what catches the eye is the graves. They are everywhere. The citizens and soldiers in the city were buried where they fell. One grave contains 600 bodies that were hastily covered over in an effort to rid the city of their stench. Another contains only the body of a young girl who used to joke and laugh with the troops; it is well tended.

Still another burial ground is neatly marked with the names of some 80 men of the famed 81st Special Airborne Ranger Brigade, which held out against massive Communist attacks within the city. Five crumpled Russian tanks lie like slaughtered beasts near by, a tes-

all but 346 were either dead or wounded. The shelling of the city has stopped, but An Loc is still surrounded by enemy troops, and the fighting continues. One morning a Jeep sped through An Loc carrying a wounded Vietnamese Ranger sprawled across the hood; two of his comrades had just been killed in a nearby firefight. Highway 13 from Saigon has been closed for nine months; supplies for An Loc are brought in by air—usually dropped by parachute.

Of the city's civilian population, at least 1,000, and perhaps as many as 7,000, have been killed. Most of the others braved Communist mortar and artillery fire to escape last summer, and today are sheltered in refugee camps. Another 3,000 were lifted out by helicopter in August. Those who chose to remain did so with the fatalism of a peo-



ALLIED TROOPS INSPECT DESTRUCTION AT AN LOC AFTER ENEMY SHELLING
A desolate, Goya-like portrait of the horrors of war.

ple to the unit's determination. Says Lieut. Colonel Laddie Logan, one of six American advisers in An Loc today: "The 81st never gave up an inch of ground, and they never left a single one of their dead unburied, even under the heaviest artillery fire."

Amidst all the destruction, a small statue of the Virgin Mary remains unscarred among buildings, trees and tanks that were smashed and gutted; it has become something of a symbol of An Loc's agony and endurance. Another statue, of Jesus with arms outstretched, did not fare so well. Although most of it survives, the Saviour's right arm has been blown off.

During the height of the siege, at least 1,000 artillery, rocket and mortar shells a day rained down on An Loc; one day the number reached 8,000. Colonel Nguyen Van Biet had 1,115 men in his Ranger Group 3 when the Communists launched their first attack last April. After three months of fighting,

plans are already being made for them to do just that, even though the Rangers defending An Loc are still reinforcing their bunkers against renewed enemy attack. The outline specifies that within 30 days after the area is once again considered safe, bulldozers will begin to sweep away the rubble and the hundreds of unexploded shells. Then the people of An Loc will return, and the city will rise again. But its agony will not be eradicated.

MIDDLE EAST

More Trouble for Sadat

Cairo was shaken last week by the kind of street battle between police and students that has often been an ominous indicator of the national mood. After a five-day sit-in at Cairo University, called to protest the arrest of anti-regime student leaders, 3,000 students decided to march on the capital's central square. At the university bridge over the Nile, they were halted and turned back to their campus by riot police equipped with helmets, shields, batons and tear gas. There were later protests across the city at Ain Shams University, but at week's end the government neatly nipped both demonstrations by ending the current semester ten days ahead of schedule and dispatching riot police to enforce the sudden holiday.

The principal student complaint was the country's present political impasse. In the two years since Anwar Sadat became president, Egypt has seen neither the increase in internal freedoms that he promised nor a solution to the no-war, no-peace stalemate that grips the Middle East. The students, moreover, are only one of many groups who are unhappy with the situation. The army is so restless that Sadat last October relieved his outspoken War Minister, General Mohammed Sadek; no reason was ever stated but anti-Sadat army grumbling was at the root of it. Afterward there were rumors in Cairo of abortive military coups. Egyptian journalists openly agitate against censorship. In a recent incident in Alexandria, 7,000 dock workers stormed a police station to free fellow laborers who had been arrested for participating in a wild-cat strike. The situation is so perilous that Sadat, in the glow that followed his expulsion of Soviet military advisers (TIME, July 31), quietly introduced stiff new laws to punish acts that "threaten national unity."

The root of Sadat's problems is the impasse with Israel. Egypt basically wants peace, but will not make any more conciliatory moves unless and until the U.S. pressures Israel into concessions. Meanwhile, Sadat is trying to cover his inactivity with warlike words. In Cairo, "battle committees" composed of political and military leaders have been organized, ostensibly to mobilize Egypt for imminent fighting.

Scant Help. In his efforts to pacify the Egyptians, Sadat has so far received scant help from his Arab friends. Muammar Gaddafi, leader of neighboring Libya, last week marked the eighth anniversary of the Palestinian guerrilla movement with a speech in which he called for a united Arab front to annihilate Israel. It was hard to tell whether the pronouncement should be taken seriously. Gaddafi often improvises Libyan foreign policy as he speaks, and his erratic, impassioned rhetoric is largely

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discounted, even by his allies. Not so the actions of Syria, Sadat's other partner in the embryonic three-nation Federation of Arab Republics. Damascus and Jerusalem continue a running border war against each other, which on Syria's part, at least, is an attempt to draw Egypt back into the battle. Last week Syrian artillery once again pounded Israeli positions on the occupied Golan Heights, including the new settlement of Benei Yehuda. Israeli Phantoms scrambled to hit back at the Syrian guns and to tangle with the MIG-21s that climbed to meet them.

The aerial skirmishing was unlikely to lead to escalation of war on the ground. On the other hand, it was equally unlikely to contribute to any increase in diplomatic activity. Far from pressuring either side, the U.S. State Department, at the orders of the White House, is merely offering itself as a potential Middle East go-between should Israel or the Arabs really want to talk. One State Department official who favors more pressure from Washington last week gloomily characterized peace prospects as "moribund."

NORTHERN IRELAND

In Cold Blood

On the last day of 1972, like many other engaged couples round the world, Oliver Boyce, 25, a carpenter, and Bridget Porter, 21, set out to celebrate New Year's Eve together. They never returned to their homes in County Donegal, a few miles from the Northern Ireland border. Around 2 a.m., a local farmer heard about 15 shots and a scream. The couple's bodies were found later side by side in a ditch next to a lonely lane. Boyce had been stabbed in the chest and genitals; he had also been shot once through the head, once through the leg, twice through the chest and several times in the arms. His fiancée had been stabbed in the chest and shot four times in the head. Her brother had difficulty identifying the body.

On the first day of 1973, like many other Ulster workers for whom New Year's Day was not a holiday, Jack Mooney, 31, father of three, headed for the night shift at the Rolls-Royce plant on the outskirts of Belfast. As he and five fellow workers who were riding in a blue Volkswagen pulled into the employees' parking lot, ambushers opened fire. A hail of 20 bullets struck the crumpled car. Mooney was killed and two of his colleagues were wounded.

Thus did the old year end and the new year begin for a troubled island—with three cold-blooded murders that underlined a relatively recent, and particularly ugly, trend in the terrorism that has stricken Northern Ireland since 1969. Street riots and open battles have almost disappeared; sniping attacks on British soldiers have eased off; even bombings have diminished, though they



AFTERMATH OF EXPLOSION THAT KILLED TWO TEEN-AGERS IN BELTURBET
In the wrong place at the wrong time.

still can have horrifying impact. Three days after Christmas, a bomb exploded in a car in the Republic of Ireland border town of Belturbet. The blast killed a girl, 16, who was passing by on a shopping errand, and a boy, 16, who was in a nearby phone booth. But those deaths were accidental. The chilling trend is toward the deliberate killing of often obscure and apparently peaceable citizens. The victims of these random assassinations accounted for 121 of the 467 violent deaths recorded in Ulster in 1972.

British authorities in Belfast say that the assassinations fall basically into two categories: those motivated by blatant sectarianism—extremist Protestants intent on murdering any available Catholic, and vice versa—and those motivated by revenge against suspected informers. In addition, say Belfast po-

lice, some victims have merely been in the wrong place at the wrong time. Of last year's 121 victims, 81 were Catholics, as were Jack Mooney and the engaged couple of Donegal (the first such victims in the Republic of Ireland). But each side has been guilty of particularly gruesome murders, which have overtones of both wartime atrocities and gangland executions.

Body in Freezer. Last month the naked body of a Catholic dairy worker was found in an East Belfast alley with the letters I.R.A. branded on his back. Also in December, a Protestant councilman from Armagh was kidnapped, taken for a ride south of the border, shot in the head, and his body was returned to Northern Ireland; a Catholic butcher was shot in the head and his body dumped in the meat freezer of his shop in Derrylin, County Fermanagh. Five days before Christmas, in apparent retaliation for the killing of a Protestant by an unknown sniper near a Londonderry reservoir, two masked men burst into the Top of the Hill, a Catholic-owned bar in the city's water-side district. They sprayed the room with a submachinegun and a pistol, killing four Catholics and one Protestant.

Authorities trying to investigate the sectarian killings have been frustrated by Mafia-like walls of silence. But the walls may break down as public horror mounts. Last week the Catholic Primate of All Ireland William Cardinal Conway and the leaders of the three major Protestant churches jointly urged all Christians to help "root out this evil and tell the murderers and assassins they are on their own." In Belfast three Protestants were charged with the gunshot murders of three Catholics between August and October. They are among only a handful of defendants to be brought to trial since the wave of assassinations began.



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NICARAGUA

Bracing for the Aftershocks

Even as smoke still curled above the ruins of Managua, Nicaraguans were already beginning to contemplate recovery from the devastating pre-Christmas earthquake that flattened 80% of the city. Restoration of the country's capital—the home, until the quake, of 400,000 of Nicaragua's 2,000,000 population—now poses both problems and opportunities for the family that had dictatorially governed the country for 40 years. TIME Correspondent David DeVoss toured the ravaged city last week and sent this report.

GODDAMMIT!" shouted a handsome figure in tailored army fatigues at Managua's Las Mercedes Airport. "What I need is some concertina

he demanded. "I want the person who took it arrested immediately," he said, and ran off in search of the culprit. Silence. Since nothing could be done without a Somoza signature, all relief activity stopped for a while.

The scene was much the same at Tachito Somoza's hilltop estate in Managua's El Retiro section. Nicaraguan generals, journalists and crew-cut American hucksters panting to sell prefab housing units milled about one day last week waiting for an audience with the general. Somoza's American wife Hope, a striking woman dressed in a red bandanna, print blouse and tight black slacks, directed Red Cross activities from beneath a shade tree. The mood was relaxed and restrained—even

za's El Retiro residence, a team of 50 Cuban doctors and paramedics worked in the densely populated Managua barrio of Maximo Jerez. The result was that while U.S. medics were seeing 250 patients per day, Cubans were treating about 1,000.

Though minor tremors continue almost daily, Nicaraguans are beginning to wonder and worry most about the possible political aftershocks of the big quake. Since Franklin Roosevelt pulled out the Marines in 1933, ending 25 years of more or less direct U.S. intervention in the country, Nicaragua has lived in reasonable contentment under the strong but benevolent and relatively progressive rule of the Somozas—first Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza García, an adventurer who was cut down by an assassin in 1956, then his son Luis (who died in 1962) and now Luis' brother Tachito.

Tachito is one of the richest men



RELIEF SUPPLIES PILING UP IN MANAGUA.

Part of the tragedy was that old rivalries resumed, and that Tachito might come back to power ahead of schedule.

wire. The U.S. gives me everything but concertina wire." The impatient young man was Anastasio Somoza Portocarrero, 22, a senior at Harvard University, son of and heir apparent to Nicaragua's ruling strongman, General Anastasio ("Tachito") Somoza Debayle, 47. Summoned from a Manhattan debutante party to help with the relief effort, young Somoza stood atop a stack of Sears camping tents, surrounded by crates of Canada Dry, boxes of baby food and a seemingly inexhaustible supply of Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

There is no shortage of food in Managua; the only problem last week was that most of it was piled up in an airport hangar far away from the hungry and homeless of the city. A bevy of Red Cross volunteers and unctuous army officers wanted to do young Somoza's bidding; for the moment, he had other things on his mind, namely his misplaced automobile. "Where is my car?"

though 3,000 Managuans are known to be dead, another 4,000 were buried alive when the earthquake struck, and hundreds lie wounded. More than 120,000 still cling to their shattered homes in Managua despite the absence of water, food and electricity.

The scope and spontaneity of the relief effort has been astonishing. Nicaragua has received food from Europe, medical supplies from Latin America and aid of all kinds from the U.S. Government and private American contributors like Pittsburgh Pirates Outfielder Roberto Clemente, who died in the crash of a relief plane bound for Managua from Puerto Rico (see SPORT). In some cases, the U.S. effort has not been as effective or as widely noticed as it might be. While a 185-man Army medical team from the 21st Evacuation Hospital based in Fort Hood, Texas, operated in a barbed-wire-enclosed compound in a meadow in front of Somo-



SOMOZA (RIGHT) TALKING TO AIDES

in Central America. He has extensive holdings in, among other things, cotton, coffee, shipping, fishing, Nicaragua's Lanica airlines and neighboring Costa Rica, where he is the largest foreign landowner. He is a regular contributor to American political campaigns; this year his cattle ranches will export 25 million lbs. of meat to the U.S. Before the quake hit, Tachito was hoping to spend the next two years or so on his country's political sidelines. Because Nicaragua's constitution bars him from immediately succeeding himself to a second five-year term as President, Somoza last spring relinquished power for 2½ years to a three-man junta. Though the junta is headed by a compliant member of the Conservative opposition, it is in fact controlled by its two Somoza loyalists, both members of his Liberal Party. They would keep the general's place warm until 1974, when he was to come down from the bleachers and run

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for another five-year presidential term.

Managua's tragedy has forced Tachito to re-emerge far ahead of schedule. As boss of the 5,000-man national guard, which is running the country under martial law, he is fully visible. Once again, he has become the target of rival politicians, restive students and even some businessmen who resent his one-man rule. "He has everything now," complains Javier Zavala, editor of a pro-Conservative paper. To a large extent, Somoza's future now depends on how he deals with the problems of reconstructing the city.

When Managua was first built in 1858—over the same 30-mile-wide fault area that was to shake it to rubble three times in the next 114 years—it was a creature of compromise. The site was chosen to end a stalemated battle between what were then Nicaragua's two principal cities, Granada (pop. 48,000) and León (pop. 80,000), for the honor of serving as the capital. After the city was wrecked for the second time in 1931, the old Granada-León battle resumed, but government planners argued successfully for Managua's reconstruction. Their principal argument: Lake Managua, 38 miles long, was perfect for a big city's sewage.

Parochialism. The pre-Christmas quake has revived the old rivalries. To illustrate its contempt for the efficiency of Somoza's Managua-based administration, Granada sent out its own ham radio call for aid; sure enough, a few days later a plane from Houston landed at Las Mercedes loaded with food and medical supplies marked for transshipment to Granada. On a less parochial level, many Nicaraguans agree with Managua Architect Samuel Barreto that a new capital should be located elsewhere if only to "spread the life of the nation throughout the country."

The odds are that the new capital will be built—perhaps with wider streets and lower, quake-resistant buildings—on the rubble of the old. Survivors are already starting to return to their jobs; 70% of the Managua area's industry survived the quake. Somoza's dreams of a \$1 billion reconstruction effort may not be farfetched; the first trickle of what promises to be a torrent of foreign aid began last week with a \$12.5 million loan from the Washington-based Inter-American Development Bank. Says Wendell Blew, Commercial Affairs attaché in the U.S. embassy: "We might even see an economic boom in a few months with all the construction that will be going on."

Perhaps. But the operative fact now, as Nicaraguan Public Works Minister Cristobal Rugama describes it, is simply that "everyone here loves Managua, especially now that it is a shrine." That apparently goes for General Somoza too. "I'm not moving," he told me late one night. "I built my house according to specifications so that it would stand up in quakes. There's only one crack in my house. Why should I move?"

YUGOSLAVIA

End of the Experiment?

Some people are claiming that Yugoslavia is going back under the wing of the Soviet Union, returning to the camp. Yugoslavia is not going anywhere. Yugoslavia is staying where it is.

—Josip Broz Tito, speaking in Ljubljana last month

Thanks to Tito's shrewdness and determination, Yugoslavia for nearly 25 years has indeed managed to stay where it is: perched in fierce independence in the Balkans, astride the treacherous political and geographical fault lines that divide East and West Europe. Now, despite Tito's denials, the sounds from Belgrade suggest that the country is going somewhere, and fast.

In a crackdown worthy of more conventional Communist capitals, Bel-

grade a little more than a year ago. His country was hit simultaneously by a shattering economic crunch and an outbreak of Croatian nationalism violent enough to stir fears that the Yugoslavian Federation might soon break up in tribal chaos. Evidently convinced that he had to restore tight, centralized control, Tito turned to the party, the only institution in the country, outside of the army, that could enforce order and discipline. Ever since, the party has been struggling to regain the central role in Yugoslavia's political and economic life that it eased during the reforms of the 1950s. Among the casualties of the resultant purges have been younger party and government officials who argued for more liberal reforms, not less, as the answer to Yugoslavia's problems. Over the past month, liberal editors have been ousted at the weekly newsmagazine *NIN* and the Belgrade daily *Politika*; the editor of the popular evening paper



TITO & WIFE AT NEW YEAR'S PARTY

In with orthodoxy, out with Patton, Peyton Place and G.I. fatigues.



THE PARTISAN LOOK

grade has been waging a noisy war against villains ranging from "bourgeois nationalists" and "anarcho-liberals" at home to various unnamed "Western powers" abroad. The tough verbal salvos have been backed up by a campaign aimed at administering a strong dose of party discipline to Yugoslavia's once unfettered press, its famed "market socialism," its relaxed, decentralized, federal form of government—just about everything, in short, that Tito eagerly embraced in the early 1950s when he led his vulnerable nation of 21 million on its courageous spin away from Moscow's orthodox Communist orbit. While some believe that the new hard line may be temporary and tactical, the severity of Yugoslavia's swing toward rigidity has led many Yugoslavs to worry that the experiment in Communism-with-a-difference is coming to an end.

The first signs of Tito's new turn ap-

Politika Ekspres was fined for accusing Moscow of trying to exploit Yugoslavia's economic and social troubles.

At the same time, the regime has been pressing an anti-Western campaign on various levels—some frivolous. *Peyton Place*, charged with having a "petit bourgeois consumer mentality," will wink off Belgrade TV screens next month. The movie *Patton* was abruptly banished from Belgrade theaters last week for "glorifying the U.S. army of aggression." Yugoslav youths who used to wear G.I. fatigues and U.S. Army insignia are now being urged to switch to "the Partisan look"—belted tunics styled after the uniforms worn by Tito's World War II guerrillas.

Yugoslav leaders have accused the CIA of trying to take advantage of upheavals. The army, which has 650 U.S.-made Sherman tanks and some aging

American jet fighters in its inventory, is plainly geared to fight off a Czechoslovakia-style invasion from the East. Nevertheless an army colonel last month blandly told a group of Western newsmen that his soldiers were training "to defend ourselves against the threat from the West. Why should we fear a threat from the East? After all, it is from the East that our military aid has always come."

What is Tito really up to? It is scarcely remembered now that at the time of his split with Stalin, Tito (now 80) was already an old-fashioned, authoritarian Communist in the Moscow mold. He began to pull Yugoslavia away from the Soviet model partly for economic reasons. While Moscow was wreaking its vengeance on Belgrade with a trade-crippling boycott, Tito discovered that the liberal reforms persuasively advocated by his brilliant lieutenant Milovan Djilas were not only popular inside Yugoslavia but also attracted badly needed sympathy—and aid—from the West.

Now Tito seems once again to be responding to economic necessity—and a genuine conviction that Yugoslavia's reforms went too far. Partly because of mismanagement and corruption, Yugoslavia's hybrid market socialism has faltered. In 1971, as inflation spiraled upward at 15% despite two devaluations of the dinar, Yugoslav firms sank into the red, unable to meet payrolls, fill orders or attract vitally needed capital from the West. The result was that although Yugoslavia continued to depend on the West for considerable aid and the bulk of its trade, Belgrade had no choice but to rely more on Moscow than at any time since the split with Stalin. Currently, the Yugoslavs are negotiating for \$1.3 billion in Soviet credits.

Jubilant. The Soviets, who have long been lecturing their East-bloc allies that the only true Communism is orthodox Communism, are jubilant. Despite its new homage to Moscow-style Marxism, Belgrade is not expected to join the Warsaw Pact or seek active membership in Comecon, Eastern Europe's common market. In a New Year's address Tito stressed Belgrade's political non-alignment. The Soviets, he said, "have finally come to see Yugoslavia in her special role as a positive thing."

Some aspects of Tito's double-time retreat from liberalism have been reasonably popular, at least outside intellectual circles. In a country where the average annual wage is \$1,000 and no one is supposed to earn more than \$7,000, Tito's campaign against the "economic criminals" who in recent years have salted millions away in Swiss and West German banks has a certain appeal. The long-term danger is that when Tito leaves the scene, the levers of power will be in the hands of the new class of rigid party stalwarts and ideological dogmatists that he is now gathering around him.

INDIA

Relics of the Raj

In the courtyard of New Delhi's vast President's House last week, an Indian army band stood smartly to attention. As the national anthem rang out in the crisp winter air, Indian Army Chief of Staff General Sam Hormuzji Framji Jamshedji Manekshaw stepped forward to the presidential dais and saluted stiffly. Then India's President V.V. Giri ceremoniously handed Manekshaw an ornate silver-tipped baton. With that, the military commander who masterminded Pakistan's humiliating defeat in the 1971 Indo-Pakistan war became the first Indian field marshal in his country's history.

The ceremony was as determinedly British as it might have been in the era of the Raj. In a singular display of military punctilio, the new field marshal



FIELD MARSHAL MANEKSHAW
Memories and military punctilio.

even received a congratulatory cable from the Pakistan army chief of staff, General Tikka Khan, who was military governor of East Pakistan when the war with India began. Like Manekshaw, Tikka Khan is a graduate of the Indian Military Academy, India's equivalent of Sandhurst. It was all, as the British might say, "a jolly good show."

Of all the institutions that the British left behind in India, the army—trained and for generations staffed by English gentlemen officers—is the most British in style and tradition. In spite of 25 years of proud Indian independence, however, the British legacy survives not only in institutions but in the country's way of life itself. Most educated Indians still speak with British accents, even if they have never been to England and were never taught by Englishmen. Indian motorists, not to mention bullock-cart drivers, continue to

use the left side of the road. When it reported the bombing of the Indian embassy in Hanoi recently, the state-owned All India Radio—which is modeled on the BBC—solemnly informed its listeners that "officers and other staff" were safe. Whether it was intended consciously or not, the announcement was identical to an expression used during colonial days, when "officers" signified British and "other staff" referred to Indians.

For a good many Indians, behaving in a more British fashion than the British is cricket—even though until independence in 1947, most cricket clubs, not to mention polo and tennis clubs as well, were strictly off-limits to all but the most powerful or wealthy Indians. After an egalitarian-minded Briton once took some Indian friends swimming at a British planters' club in Bihar State, his fellow members ordered the pool drained and refilled.

Nicknames. The clubs still exist, but most of them are faded husks of their former elegance. They are simply too expensive to be kept up. The few clubs that have retained the grand old look are patronized mainly by affluent Indians. A visitor strolling across the manicured lawns of a private club these days is likely to hear an echo of the past in calls for "Jimmy" (short for "Jamshedji"), "Bunt" (a current Indian favorite) or "Sam" (which General Manekshaw prefixed to his string of Parsi names). The use of such Anglicisms dates back to the time when British officers, unable to pronounce Indian names correctly, gave their troops nicknames for convenience. Indians who slavishly follow such British customs have been given the mocking name "brown sahibs" by their countrymen.

Most Indians, of course, have little opportunity, money or time to indulge themselves in cultivating Britishisms. In fact, a surprising number of young Indians, especially those who are members of the country's new technological elite, are more interested in picking up American ways. Despite the chilly relations between Washington and New Delhi, many Indians look to New York rather than London as the exciting city to visit, or for study or work. They are more impressed by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology than they are by the London School of Economics, they read *The New Yorker* instead of *Punch*, and collect original recordings of Broadway musicals.

While Western influences infect the young, it may take a long time before the ghost of Colonel Blimp is driven entirely from the country. Last week, for instance, a headline in one New Delhi newspaper read: STERN TASK AHEAD FOR INDIA. A New Year's appeal by Prime Minister Indira Gandhi for the country to buckle down to the job of developing its resources? Not at all. The story referred to a cricket test match being played in Calcutta between India and England.

THE PHILIPPINES

Embattled Moslems

When Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos proclaimed martial law last September, one of the world's nastiest conflicts came to an abrupt if temporary halt. That was the four-year struggle between Moslems and Christians in Mindanao and the Sulu Islands in the south, where upwards of 3,000 have been killed, 500,000 injured and made homeless, and hundreds of villages put to the torch. As it turned out, martial law ended one conflict only to create another. Instead of fighting Christian settlers, the Moslems found themselves battling Philippine army troops who came searching for illegal weapons and for the leaders of the islands' tiny but growing independence movement. Last week, as this new war mounted, Marcos called for another cease-fire and offered new terms to the Moslems for a still elusive peace.

Mindanao's more than 2,000,000 Moslems—roughly one-third of the region's population—hold a proud distinction: they have never been subjugated—not by the Spaniards during centuries of colonial rule, nor by their American successors, nor by the Japanese in World War II. But they have never been so imperiled as they are by their own countrymen, racially identical but better-off Christians who swarmed down from the crowded north after the war in search of land on the Philippines' last frontier. Unaccustomed to the concept of title deeds for land, Moslem peasants were gradually pushed off the best rice fields. Starting in 1969, when the Moslems suddenly found themselves outnumbered by Christians in territory they regarded as their own, they began to fight back with terrorist gangs called Barracudas and Blackshirts. The Christians retaliated with their own gangs, known as *Ilagas* (rats).

Neither side recognized the other's laws, or lawmen. Christians claimed that the Philippine Constabulary, which includes some Moslems, favored the rebels. Moslems maintained that the all-Christian army made common cause with the *Ilagas*. When the soldiers came searching for guns, the Moslems fought back fiercely. During one battle on Jolo Island last month, the military used jet planes against the rebels.

No Response. Calling a halt to the army's attacks, Marcos last week convened a conference with 300 Moslem leaders, and conceded that "some injustice" had been done to their followers. He offered a "selective amnesty" to guerrillas still in the hills, and a broad program of economic aid to the area's fishermen and farmers. So far, there has been no response from the guerrillas. But Marcos was clearly under pressure to reach a settlement. He also had to move carefully lest he arouse the Moslem majorities of his populous neighbors, Malaysia and Indonesia.



O'RAHILLY IN AMSTERDAM



VAN DER KAMP ON BRIDGE

THE HIGH SEAS

Bittersweet Caroline

Who said radio drama was dead? Consider the latest chapter in the saga of the pirate ship ships operating in the North Sea. Anchored just outside territorial waters off The Netherlands, these vessels beam a mixture of pop music, disk-jockey egos and insistent commercials into homes otherwise served only by relatively sedate Dutch broadcasting. Until recently, this profitable operation was shared by *Radio Veronica* and *Radio Northsea*, which had agreed to a truce after three frogmen hired by one of *Veronica's* owners had planted a bomb aboard *Northsea* (TIME, May 31, 1971). Now, though, something new has come between *Veronica* and *Northsea*.

The something new is *Radio Caroline*, a golden oldie that used to aim her programs into Britain from three separate ships until Parliament passed a special law silencing pirate broadcasts. *Radio Caroline*, which was named by her Irish owner Ronan O'Rahilly (pronounced O'Reilly) after John F. Kennedy's daughter, has now been reduced to one ship, a rusty old coastal vessel called *Mi Amigo*. Just before Christmas, she anchored in the 300-yd. gap between *Veronica* and *Northsea*, five miles off the coast of The Netherlands, and started competing with them for Dutch listeners.

O'Rahilly initially staffed *Radio Caroline* (whose theme song, naturally, is Neil Diamond's *Sweet Caroline*) with three London deejays: Andy Archer, Crispin St. John and Peter Chicago. He paid them in advance, but somehow he neglected to pay *Mi Amigo's* Dutch captain or the six-man crew. Between Christmas and New Year's, the crew quit. Captain Will van der Kamp, in the best seagoing tradition, refused to abandon ship. But feeling threatened by the deejays, he armed himself with a rifle and locked himself in his cabin on the bridge.

O'Rahilly promptly flew to The Netherlands from his luxurious pad in London to confer with the mutinous crew. The long-haired Irish entrepreneur is a good talker, and three of the crew agreed to accompany him back to the ship, where he tried to calm Van der Kamp. Listeners to *Radio Caroline* got only a hint of the drama. Just before it went off the air following the crew rebellion, Peter Chicago apologized: "Sorry, sorry, but there's a mutiny on board." After the captain seemed pacified, Crispin St. John resumed broadcasting with an inspirational message: "Let's have peace on earth, ladies and gentlemen."

Outmuscled. Peace, however, did not last long aboard *Mi Amigo*. After going ashore, ostensibly for a rest, Van der Kamp returned in the dark of night with the other three crew members, armed (according to the disk jockeys) with guns. The deejays tried to defend their quarters with iron bars but were outmuscled by the sailors. The captain cut the anchor, and a small tugboat dragged *Mi Amigo* into Amsterdam harbor. Charges and countercharges flew, a Dutch shipping inspector declared *Mi Amigo* unsafe to sail.

Undaunted, O'Rahilly hired a new captain and crew and got the vessel shipshape. But as *Mi Amigo* tried to slip out to sea again, Van der Kamp obtained a restraining writ, which was served on the new captain while his ship waited for high tide at the locks in IJmuiden, the coastal entrance to Amsterdam harbor. The ship was chained to a quay, pending payment of \$10,000 in back wages to her former captain and crew. Protesting all the way to the moneylenders, O'Rahilly scraped up the cash. The day after New Year's, anchored once more between *Veronica* and *Northsea*, *Radio Caroline* was back on the air.

The saga may not be over. As of last week still more creditors of *Radio Caroline* were baying at her stern. And who knows what other dangers lurk ahead?

Get away from hot taste.
Come up to KOOL, with pure menthol,
for the taste of extra coolness.



Milds 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette,
by FTC method. Kings 16 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine,
Longs 18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



14 mg. tar,
1.0 mg. nicotine

Now, lowered tar KOOL Milds

A tall, slender rock spire, known as Castle Rock, stands prominently in the center of the frame. The rock is light brown and shows signs of weathering and cracking. The background is a vast desert canyon with layered rock formations and a winding river visible in the distance. The sky is a pale, hazy blue.

Chevrolet returns to Castle Rock.





On the way up, minus a few key parts to lighten the load.



The best of the old arrives.



Putting it together again.



Oliver Mahoney helps model Cindy Crawford load the helicopter.



Nine years ago, Chevrolet gingerly airlifted one new Impala and one pretty girl some 2000 feet to the top of majestic Castle Rock near Moab, Utah, and made a TV commercial people still talk about.

Last July we did it again.

New girl, new car, same old rock.

Chances are you've seen the commercial on television. Perhaps you've wondered how we did it, and why.

The accompanying photos show you how.

As for why, well — we wanted to point out that while Castle Rock still towers unchanged over an unchanged Utah landscape, Chevrolet has changed a great deal since that first commercial was filmed.

Today's Impala, for example, is a quieter, more comfortable, smoother riding and safer automobile than the 1964 model that passed this way nine years ago.

Today's Impala is better equipped. Power steering, power brakes and automatic transmission are all standard now.

Today's Impala is better built. It has steel side-guard beams in its doors, a steel cargo guard in its trunk, and not one but two layers of steel in its roof.

Today's Impala has a long list of safety features not found in the 1964 car.

Today's Impala runs cleaner. For example, exhaust emissions of hydrocarbons, carbon monoxide and oxides of nitrogen have been substantially reduced.

We're getting there.

But we're not stopping here.

We plan to keep right on building "better ways" into each year's new Chevrolets.

That's our approach, and always has been.

That's one reason why Impala is traditionally worth more money at trade-in time.

That's why our Impala remains "The Great American Value" year after year.

That's why today's Impala has at least one notable thing in common with the 1964 Impala:

Being on top.

1973 Chevrolet.
Building a better way to see the U.S.A.

Take a second to buckle up. It could save a lifetime.

You could make 20 business trips to Chicago, and never stay at the same Holiday Inn twice.

In more than 135 cities, you have a choice of at least 2 Holiday Inns. And in bigger cities like Houston, Detroit, Boston, and Toronto, there are many more to choose from. So you can locate yourself as close as possible to where you'll be doing business.

And with Holiday Inns at most major airports, all along the nation's highways and in hundreds of not-so-big cities, you've got a great place to stay just about anywhere your business could take you.

Every one of them offers you a clean, comfortable room, delicious food, reasonable rates. And meeting rooms for your convenience.

A single phone call to your local Holiday Inn will get you a room anywhere in the country and in many places around the world.

Try us. We'll show you how every year we make millions of business trips a pleasure.

Holiday Inn.
The most accommodating people in the world.



PEOPLE

"When are you getting married?" It was a question that brought a variety of answers. *We just did:* Actor **Laurence Harvey** and Fashion Model **Pauline Stone**, he for the third time, she for the second, in Beverly Hills, Calif. *Next May:* Olympic Swimming Champion **Mark Spitz** and UCLA Senior Susan Weiner. *Sometime this summer:* Boston Bruins Defenseman **Bobby Orr** and Schoolteacher **Peggy Wood**. *Before the baby is born:* Actor **Michael Caine** and **Shakira Baksh**, a former Miss Guyana, who said that they expect their child in

and flew Imogene to Manhattan. After doctors there performed corneal surgery, reconstructed the right side of her face and put her fractured leg in a cast, Donovan announced the results: "She's fine. The eye is saved."

"Monstrous, painful, agonizing, a bottomless abyss of malice, deceit, fraud and greed," said Novelist **Taylor Caldwell** (*Dear and Glorious Physician*) of her 72 years on earth. She hoped there was no such thing as reincarnation, she told Occultologist **Jess Stearn**

Stearn's book, Miss Caldwell sounded a little puzzled. "I do not believe in reincarnation. However, I am grateful for the experience. If nothing else, it has given me material for a new novel."

When sad-eyed Yale Coed Joyce Maynard began pouring out magazine articles on the student view of life (her most recent pronouncement: "We're all in search of sages—my generation in particular"), she soon became one of the most notable Explainers of Youth since **J.D. Salinger** created Holden Caulfield in *Catcher in the Rye*. In the wind tunnels of literary New York, the latest rumor is that Joyce, at 19, has taken a leave of absence from Yale and found her sage—none other than **J.D. Salinger** himself, now 54, divorced and living a hermitic existence in New Hampshire. Romance? Marriage? A telephone call to Salinger brought an angry response: "It's a personal matter." Another call to Joyce, at the same telephone number, brought another one: "I don't think you have any business going into that."

To wrap up the old year, it was time for that list of the world's most elegantly wrapped people, picked by 2,000 fashion experts who know all about such things. Society Columnist **Suzy** offered some salty comments: Actress **Marisa Berenson** ("innovated those hideous platform soles and six-inch heels—she doesn't sink into the woodwork");

CAINE & COMPANION: BEFORE THE BABY



HAYDEN & FONDA: NO COMMENT



June or July. As for Actress **Jane Fonda** and Antiwar Activist **Tom Hayden**, who had called a press conference in Manhattan to decry President Nixon's Viet Nam policy, when a reporter asked about their personal plans, both of them silently walked out.

In the World War I trenches, the major wrote a letter to be sent to his wife in case of his death: "Do not grieve for me too much. I am a spirit confident of my rights. Death is only an incident, and not the most important." The letter never needed to be sent, but it will be published next week, along with 99 others that the major did send his wife, as part of the newest installment of his official biography. He often waxed emotional: "Oh, my darling, do not write of 'friendship' to me—I love you more each month that passes and feel the need of you and your beauty." In the meantime, **Winston Churchill** wrote to Clemmie, would she please send "my hotwater bottle."

It was New Year's Eve in St. Petersburg, Fla., but "neither of us had been drinking," said Actor **King Donovan**. "Suddenly there was a crash." The automobile accident left Donovan's wife, Comedienne **Imogene Coca**, with a ruptured eyeball that Florida doctors insisted had to be removed. "I didn't want to go along with that decision," said Donovan. He chartered a plane



HARVEY & BRIDE: JUST MARRIED

(*Edgar Cayce—The Sleeping Prophet*), so she wouldn't have to go all through it again. Just to see if it hadn't happened once or twice before, though, they agreed to have her hypnotized. According to Stearn, who has just published a book about the phenomenon (*The Search for a Soul*), Miss Caldwell began recalling no less than 37 former lifetimes. She spoke of the days when she was a scullery maid to George Eliot, a transvestite surgeon in ancient Greece, even the mother of Mary Magdalene (Jesus Christ, she recalled, had golden red hair and "when he speaks it is as if an angel speaks"). After reading



ORR & FIANCÉE: AFTER THE SEASON

Princess Solima ("She had to marry Karim [the Aga Khan] and wrap herself up in a sari before anyone said anything about being best dressed"); **Mrs. Henry Ford II** ("She has long legs. Her husband makes automobiles"); **Mrs. Ronald Reagan** ("Not too conservative to wear halter-neck dresses that dip to about six inches above the coccyx"); and **Mrs. Mick Jagger** ("Well, now, Bianca!"). The best-dressed men included **Mr. Mick Jagger**, as well as **John V. Lindsay**, **Robert Redford** and **David Susskind**. **Suzy** concluded: "Six of [the ten] gents should stay in the closet—with their clothes. You guess which six."

This TV commercial shows your head from bouncing off

Allstate believes in air bags. We think they're today's best answer to highway death and injury. Along with lap belts, we'd like to see air bags installed for front seat occupants on all cars as soon as possible.

What's in it for us? The same that's in it for you. We want to reduce the thousands of annual highway deaths and the millions of crippling,



1. ED REIMERS: "Allstate believes in air bags. So recently they bought 200 Mercurys



2. with air bags for Allstate people to drive. The air bag is right under here.



5. bag might inflate accidentally, when it shouldn't. But the sensor is designed to prevent this.



6. The roughest roads don't inflate the air bag. Bumps don't. Panic stops don't.



9. in a frontal crash serious enough



10. to cause injury.

how today's air bag can keep a windshield.

disfiguring injuries. Besides saving lives and preventing injuries, air bags in cars are expected to help hold down the cost of your auto insurance.

For a film about air bags for your club or organization, write the Safety Director, Allstate Insurance Company, Northbrook, Illinois 60062.

Allstate®

Let's make driving a good thing.



3. This special sensing device, that uses technology from the space program, decides if a crash is serious enough



4. to inflate the air bag. Some people worry that the



7. Even driving the car off a ramp won't inflate the bag.



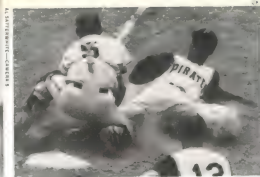
8. The bag only inflates



11. Allstate says let's use space age technology to reduce auto injuries



12. and save lives."



ROBERTO WALKER CLEMENTE: SLIDING HOME, SWINGING AWAY & ROBBING OPPONENT



SPORT

Bargain in The Bronx

Once they were the crown jewel of professional sport, a franchise whose very name was synonymous with big league success. But over the years, an archaic ballpark, a deteriorating neighborhood, and a roster of mediocre players have considerably dulled the sparkle of the New York Yankees. Last week the team's owners, the Columbia Broadcasting System, cut their losses by selling the Bronx Bombers for the modest sum of \$10 million cash to a syndicate headed by Yankee President and CBS Executive Michael Burke.

CBS purchased the team for \$13.2 million in 1964, but the club failed to win a pennant for the network. Burke and his eleven partners—only Cleveland Shipbuilder George M. Steinbrenner attended the press conference announcing the purchase—are confident that their team's fortunes can only improve. They have a \$24 million commitment from New York City to renovate Yankee Stadium, and they are counting on recent major trades to bring a pennant back to the Bombers and the fans back to The Bronx.

YANK BUYERS BURKE & STEINBRENNER



Requiem for Roberto

It was another long, sleepless winter for Roberto Clemente. A national hero in Puerto Rico, the Pittsburgh Pirates' 38-year-old rightfielder once explained that his home near San Juan was "like a museum—people flocking down the street, ringing our bell day and night, walking through our rooms." Then there were the endless demands for public appearances that "I just couldn't say no to." Among other charitable projects, Clemente last week led Puerto Rico's efforts to aid earthquake victims in Managua, Nicaragua, a city where he had coached and played with Puerto Rican teams during the off-season. Not satisfied with merely lending his name to the mercy mission, Clemente insisted on going along to Managua to see that some 26 tons of food and \$150,000 in relief money were properly distributed.

Minutes after takeoff from San Juan international airport, the cargo plane developed engine trouble and crashed into heavy seas one mile off the coast. Rescue boats and helicopters combed the crash area, but by dawn only bits of debris had been recovered. Clemente, three crew members and another passenger had perished. Governor-elect Rafael Hernández Colón immediately canceled the formal ball that was to have followed his inauguration last week, and three days of mourning were declared. "Roberto died serving his fellow man," Colón said. "Our youth loses an idol. Our people lose one of their glories."

Blistering .414. And baseball loses one of its few genuine superstars. In 18 storied seasons, Clemente was named the National League's Most Valuable Player once (1966), led the league in hitting four times, won a dozen Golden Glove awards for fielding and was elected to the league's All-Star team twelve times. His lifetime batting average of .317 was the highest among all active players. His finest hour came in the 1971 World Series when, with a blistering .414 average at bat and assorted marvels afield, he all but single-

handed defeated the favored Baltimore Orioles. Such seasoned managers as Dick Williams of the Oakland A's and Harry Walker of the Houston Astros say the same thing: Roberto Walker Clemente was "the greatest ballplayer I ever saw."

He was also one of the quirkiest. Widely regarded as an unreconstructed hypochondriac, he had headaches, cramps, insomnia and a nervous stomach from worrying—largely about his headaches, cramps, insomnia and stomach. Though some of his ailments, such as slipped discs, bone chips, blood clots, pulled muscles and malaria, were undoubtedly for real, Pirate fans came to expect and even revel in the complaints of "Mr. Aches and Pains." It was almost axiomatic that the worse Roberto said he felt, the better he played. "If Clemente can walk," the New York Mets' Tommy Agee said before the 1972 season, "he can hit." Hit he did, registering a .300-plus average for the 13th time in his career. His last hit in his last regular season game—a ringing double to deep left center field—was the 3,000th of his career, a feat equaled by only ten other players in the history of the major leagues.

Hit No. 1 came his first time at bat for the Pirates in 1955. It should have come a season earlier, but Clemente was the unwitting victim of a hide-and-seek game played by the old

Brooklyn Dodgers. Son of a sugar-plantation foreman in Carolina, a suburb of San Juan, Roberto was spotted by Dodger scouts when he was 19 and quickly signed for a \$10,000 bonus to keep him out of the clutches of their archrivals, the New York Giants. Well aware of his potential, the Dodgers sent Clemente to their Montreal farm team where, by using him sparingly, they hoped to keep his talents under wraps until they could make room for him on their roster. The Pirates were not fooled. Taking advantage of a complex draft rule then in effect, they snatched Clemente away for a cut-rate \$4,000, and the Dodgers lost a superstar—to say nothing of untold pennants.

Sparrow. Clemente quickly became one of the most feared scatted hitters in baseball. Standing a full yard away from the plate, cocking his extra-long bat and twitching his neck like a nervous sparrow, he was a notorious 'bad-ball' hitter who would rather swing at a wild pitch than settle for a walk. Opposing pitchers went crazy trying to figure out his weakness. In one game Cincinnati Reds' hurlers pitched him inside, down the middle and outside, and he hit successive home runs to left, right center and right field. "The big thing about Clemente," Giants' Pitcher Juan Marichal once said, "is that he can hit any pitch. I don't mean only strikes. He can hit a ball off his ankles or off his ear." Asked if he had found any effective way to pitch to Clemente, former Dodger Speedballer Sandy Koufax said, "Sure, roll the ball."

Afield, Clemente had to be seen to be believed. His circus catches and rifle arm were things of wonder. Two seasons ago, he saved a game against the Astros by making a diving, sliding catch of a humpback liner into short right. In the same inning he took off after a home-run ball, leaped, twisted backward and snared the ball as he slammed into the wall, injuring his ankle, knee and elbow. "He took it full flight and hit the wall wide open," marveled Astro Manager Walker. "It was the best catch I've ever seen." Clemente also possessed the strongest throwing arm of any outfielder: from 420 ft. away, he once fired a perfect strike to the plate to nip the runner trying to score from third. The accuracy he ascribed to his training as a high school javelin thrower, the strength to his mother. "My mother had the same kind of arm," he once explained. "She could throw a ball from second base to home with something on it. I got my arm from her."

The father of three boys, Clemente was working on his favorite project of a "sports city" for Puerto Rican children shortly before his death. "What we want to do," he said, "is exchange kids with every city in the U.S. and show all the kids how to live and play with other kids." As for himself, he said after the 1971 World Series that "I would like to be remembered as the type of player I was." That in itself would be enough.

Bowlmania

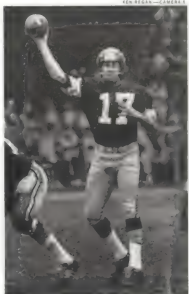
It was a weekend to make the most diehard TV football fan feel as if he were caught at the bottom of a goal-line pile-up. There, stutter-stepping and buttonhooking across the screen last week, were no fewer than 20 teams battling away for 30 eye-straining hours. By the time the last goal post had been torn down, a few basic truths had filtered through.

Nebraska's Johnny Rodgers, who accounted for five touchdowns in the Cornhuskers' 40-6 rout of Notre Dame in the Orange Bowl, more than merits his Heisman Trophy. U.S.C., which savaged Ohio State 42-17 in the Rose Bowl, is undeniably No. 1. Oklahoma Freshman Tinker Owens, who caught one scoring pass and set up another in the Sooners' 14-0 shutout of Penn State in the Sugar Bowl, could make home-town fans forget Big Brother Steve, the 1969

phins' first touchdown. Finally, Dolphin Quarterback Bob Griese, out with an injury for most of the season, took over in the second half and hit Receiver Paul Warfield with two crucial passes to clinch a 21-17 win for the undefeated Dolphins.

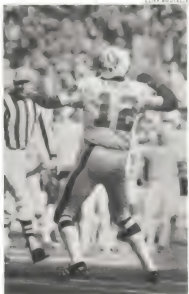
George Allen's Washington Redskins had an easier time of it against the Dallas Cowboys. Every time Cowboy Quarterback Roger Staubach dropped back to pass, he found himself hounded by a fierce Redskins rush. By contrast, Redskins Quarterback Billy Kilmer had all the time he needed to send Receiver Charley Taylor a pair of thread-needle touchdown passes. All but smothering the Cowboy running attack, Washington rolled over Dallas 26-3.

Now comes the confrontation for the coveted N.F.L. crown. The Redskins defense, one of the stingiest in the league during the regular season, is more formidable under pressure than



WASHINGTON'S BILLY KILMER

Proving their passing skill under intense playoff pressure.



MIAMI'S BOB GRIESE

Proving their passing skill under intense playoff pressure.

Heisman Trophy winner. And Alabama, which lost to Texas 17-13 in the Cotton Bowl, was windmilled—as the instant replay clearly showed. Longhorn Quarterback Alan Lowry stepped out of bounds while running for his game-winning 34-yd. touchdown.

For its part, the National Football League staged its own showdown to determine which two teams will meet in Super Bowl VII in Los Angeles on Jan. 14. Miami Dolphin Coach Don Shula was thrice blessed in the playoff game with the Pittsburgh Steelers. Early in the game Steeler Quarterback Terry Bradshaw was knocked unconscious by a bone-jarring tackle and had to spend most of the game on the sidelines feeling "pretty loony." Then, in the second quarter, Miami Punter Larry Seiple dropped back to punt and—surprise!—ran the ball 37 yds. to set up the Dol-

phins' less experienced Dolphins. But Miami's explosive, multifaceted offense, the highest-scoring combine in the N.F.L., is superior to Washington's. True, in Larry Brown the Redskins boast the league's leading ground gainer, but their attack lacks the triple-threat versatility of the Dolphins' Larry Csonka bullying up the middle, Mercury Morris sweeping the ends, and Jim Kick popping through the gaps in between. Both Griese and Kilmer proved their passing prowess last week, but if either is injured, the Dolphins can bring in Earl Morrall, the best relief man in football, while the Redskins must go with the less reliable Sam Wyche.

Though the Redskins are rated as 2½-point favorites, the nation's No. 1 fan, Richard Nixon, offered a safer prognostication. "I think it's an even bet."

Yesterday's no place is



Between Dallas and Fort Worth there are some very nice small towns, like Irving, Lewisville, Coppell and Grapevine, and a very nice telephone company, General Telephone Company of the Southwest.

With no offense intended, you couldn't in all honesty say that these communities have been in the forefront of the Dallas-Fort Worth area's burgeoning economic

expansion. At least until recently you couldn't.

Suddenly, the Dallas Cowboys have a 65,000-seat stadium in Irving. And there's a whole new town, Flower Mound, abuilding near Lewisville. And the world's largest airport is under construction near Grapevine in the Southwest Metroplex.

And suddenly, that nice telephone company has a whole new future.

At the Dallas-Ft. Worth airport alone, General Telephone will invest over \$20 million in the new Northfield exchange, which will have some 5,000 telephones (over 600 pay phones) in operation when the airport opens late in 1973.

Later on, the Northfield exchange will handle over



tomorrow's some place.

20,000 phones, which should be sufficient until the year 2000.

And that's just the beginning. Even without all the new construction, the number of telephones in Irving, for example, has increased from 2500 to 60,000 in the last 22 years. By the time the airport is in full operation, at least 25,000 new residents are expected to move into the area, which will mean a lot more new phones.

That means a lot of money to be invested, and an exciting new challenge.

The same kind of challenge, for General Telephone & Electronics, lies in similar areas around the country—some suburbs of Los Angeles, for example—where

we're actively participating in the expansion that's happened, and eagerly anticipating the inevitable expansion to come.

We've been doing pretty well with all our yesterday's no places (we are, after all, the country's second largest telephone company), and we're going to do even better with all our tomorrow's some places.

It's going to be our half century to howl.

GTE, 730 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017



GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS



Wonder Woman

What, if anything, gives a blue movie enough "redeeming social value" to keep it from being judged obscene? That was the main issue in a long Manhattan trial that was adjourned last week to await the judge's verdict. The movie would lead viewers to practice sex with more freedom and pleasure, suggested a psychiatrist. The film was an amusing satire on contemporary sexual mores, said a movie critic. There was nothing new or compelling in these arguments, which have been advanced for many a skin flick in many an obscenity hearing.

This case will set no national precedent. What made the trial interesting—and the occasion for a totally new set of arguments—was the movie that was in the dock. Called *Deep Throat*, it is the story of a rapacious girl named Linda Lovelace. In spite of dozens of greatly varied sexual experiments, Linda is never really satisfied, never sees those well-known fireworks. It is only when she learns from a helpful doctor that her clitoris, for some strange reason, is misplaced and imbedded in her throat, that she is able to improve her sex life dramatically. "I love it," she sighs ecstatically.

No Ice. So why is *Deep Throat* more socially valuable than most pornographic films? "This is one of the first exploitation films to show sympathy for the idea that a woman's sexual gratification is as important as a man's," Arthur Knight, critic and professor of film at the University of Southern California, told the judge. Manhattan Psychiatrist Edward J. Hornick echoed the argument. Unlike other films of this genre, he explained, *Deep Throat* did not deal with the sexual exploitation of women by men, but with "a young woman who seeks orgasmic pleasure for herself." Viewing the movie, said Dr. John Money, professor of medical psychology at Johns Hopkins, could have a cleansing action on people's sex lives. He added: "If I may use the phrase, it puts an egg-beater in people's brains and enables them to think afresh about their attitudes and values."

By no means all the witnesses agreed. The fact that it was a woman rather than a man doing the exploiting cut no ice with Psychoanalyst Ernest van den Haag. "Once you regard a person as merely a means to your pleasure," he declared during his four hours of testimony, "then you will be ready to commit any act for your pleasure or displeasure—putting another person in a concentration camp or exploiting his teeth and hair."

Dr. Max Levin, a 71-year-old psychiatrist, objected to the fact that the plot turned on what he called an "anatomical absurdity." Worse, he said, the

movie would strengthen the Women's Lib thesis that anything other than a clitoral orgasm is a male myth. "I think that vaginal orgasm is superior to the clitoral," Dr. Levin announced.

Apart from its Manhattan trial, perhaps the most notable thing about *Deep Throat* has been its commercial success. Explicit in its sex scenes, it is nevertheless tame compared with many other dirty movies. Yet, according to the distributors, it has grossed almost \$3,000,000 in over 60 U.S. theaters—the biggest take of any hard-core porno movie to date. This is partly because women—both alone and with dates—have been



BLUE-MOVIE ACTRESS LINDA LOVELACE
A new set of arguments.

lining up to see it. Many find it revolting, but some seem drawn to freckled Linda Lovelace, the female Don Juan who is also funny: a *Mad* magazine cloning of Little Annie Fanny and Mary Marvel. The Texas actress who plays the role, however, seems unaware that she may be joining Wonder Woman in the underground pantheon of liberation. Asked by a girlie magazine why she made the movie, she answered, "Because I'm an exhibitionist...and I make good money."

Divorce Israeli Style

Under Israeli rabbinical law, no woman can get a divorce until her husband utters the magic formula: "I am willing." Husbands may refuse, but to do so can mean imprisonment. That is what happened to Adrian Schwartz, a convicted rapist, and Yehia Avraham, a perpetual ne'er-do-well. Both are stubbornly behind bars in Ramla while their

wives face the prospect of never being able to get rid of them.

Adina Schwartz married Adrian, a laborer, in 1967. "He was handsome, had an athletic build and played chess and soccer well," she recently recalled. There was one problem: Adrian stayed out late at night, explaining that he was playing cards. In fact, he was raping women (at least six in the course of three months) on Mount Carmel. Schwartz seems destined to be behind bars a long time: he has served only one year of his 14-year rape sentence, and his jail time for refusing his wife a divorce will not be credited toward the remaining 13 years.

The other husband, Yehia Avraham, a onetime shoemaker, explains his refusal unhesitatingly: "Marriage comes from God; only he can end it. I feel good in jail." Indeed, says his wife Ora, 43, "Yehia has enough food, and it is free. He has a synagogue and prays all day. Life is good to him." He never liked working, she observes, and never supported her from the day her parents made her marry at age 14 until the day Yehia threw her out eleven years later.

Some rabbis believe prison officials should beat the two husbands into submission. "I am ready to beat him myself," says one rabbi about Schwartz. A better solution is being sought to these cases, and others, by Zalman Shoval, an opposition member of the Knesset. He introduced a bill that would take at least some marriages out of the hands of rabbis and might also lead to further legislation, placing divorce as well as marriage under civil jurisdiction.

Vive l'Amour

In the French town of Belfort (pop. 65,000), Philosophy Teacher Nicole Mercier, 28, was asked by her high school students to discuss a widely circulated pamphlet entitled *Apprenons à Faire l'Amour* (Let's Learn to Make Love), which recommends that teenagers engage in sexual intercourse of all varieties. When she agreed, one pupil told her father, an army colonel, who cried out: "This is not sex education! This is an invitation to debauchery!"

Within 24 hours, authorities arraigned Mme. Mercier for an "outrage" against public morals, a crime for which she faced up to two years in prison and \$3,600 in fines. Mme. Mercier's fellow teachers struck Belfort's three schools for several days in protest, and there was even talk of a nationwide strike.

Last week all charges against Mme. Mercier were thrown out of court, and the Ministry of Education announced a compromise. Starting next fall, for the first time, students will receive "information on reproduction" as part of their regular high school biology classes. To learn more than that about lovemaking, they may enroll in special after-school classes to be run by physicians and representatives of birth-control organizations.

THE KIND OF CAR EVERYONE'S TRYING TO BUILD.



Car makers hold one truth to be self-evident: give people what they want and sell a lot of cars.

That was easy when people wanted plenty of chrome or vinyl roofs. But now they're demanding safer, better-handling cars. Shorter, more maneuverable cars. Stronger cars.

Volvo met these demands long ago. Because we've always tried to give people what they need, whether they asked for it or not.

Faced with an outcry for safer cars, some hardtops are turning into "pillared hardtops." In plain English, sedans.

Volvo never made a hardtop, because we've always believed sedans with six steel pillars are safer.

And we haven't just settled for the stronger bumpers that the law demands this year. In 1966, we began building front and rear ends which absorb the impact of a collision instead of passing it on to the passenger compartment.

In 1969, we made a rear window defroster standard.

Disc brakes are now the rage. So you'll find them on the front wheels of several '73 cars. For some time, Volvo's had power-assisted disc brakes on all four wheels.

Now that there's a demand for better-handling cars, some floating living rooms are coming down to earth. A few makers are replacing their front sofa with bucket seats. Others have discovered radial tires. One is even offering a firmer, "European style" suspension. All these are standard on Volvo.

(Our fully-reclining buckets have adjustable back supports. We figure you'll handle your car better if it handles you better.)

If you're looking for a shorter, more maneuverable car, you'll find many to choose from. But try to find one as short as Volvo with room for a six-foot-six driver, plenty of leg and head room for adults in back, and the trunk space of many "big" cars.

Most people want their cars to last longer. So makers who used to talk style are talking about unitized bodies and rustproofing.

Every Volvo body since 1944 has been welded in one piece. We protect it with six coats of rustproofing, primer and paint. And two different undercoatings.

Our fuel-injected engine is prepared for the worst, too. We ran it the equivalent of 10,000 miles at full throttle without a break. It didn't break.

We spent five years designing and testing the Volvo 144. And improved it every year since we introduced it in 1966.

You just don't build a car like Volvo overnight.

No matter how hard you try.



VOLVO



More people ride on Goodyear tires than on





any other kind...true for 58 consecutive years

1973: Goodyear introduces a new Polysteel tire. The Goodyear Custom Steelgard Radial.

5 guards to help protect you 5 ways

1. A flexible, polyester cord body helps guard against rough ride.
2. Extra-strength, double-steel cord belts help guard against penetration under the tread.
3. A unique, computer-designed tread pattern helps guard against wet skids.
4. Special "decoupling" grooves help guard against loss of road contact — especially on curves.
5. Special stabilizers around the lower sidewall help guard against sluggish handling.

The Goodyear Steelgard Radial
It gives you the Confidence of Control
And that's the 5 Guard Feeling



GOODYEAR

Goodyear is a registered trademark of Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company. Goodyear is a registered trademark of Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company. Goodyear is a registered trademark of Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company.

The Parliament recessed filter. It works like a cigarette holder works.

The tip of a Parliament works like a cigarette holder works.

It has a sturdy outer shell that keeps the filter tucked back from your lips. Neatly recessed.

So you never taste filter, just good clean Parliament flavor.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Kings: 15 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette; 100's: 14 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette; 100's Lights: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette.

What Ails Japan

Statistically, Japanese medicine has much to boast about. Physicians are as numerous as in most Western countries, and life expectancy, at 73 years, is among the highest in the world (the U.S. figure is 71). Credit for this longevity, however, belongs more to diet and innate strength than to professional health care, for Japanese medicine is sick.

In a country noted for personal cleanliness, most hospitals are cramped and dirty. Emergency care is deficient in both quality and quantity. While Japanese technology and industry are flexible, high-energy enterprises, the medical establishment is rigidly old-fashioned, and specialized treatment is difficult to obtain. "Medicine is the forgotten aspect of our rapid progress," laments Dr. Hiroshi Kuroiwa, a gifted young surgeon who has recently returned to Tokyo after three years of specialty training in the U.S. "Things would be different if our medical system had been exposed to the same foreign competition as our business." The ordinary Japanese has only one consolation for the mediocre care he receives: an elaborate medical insurance system pays most of the bills.

The problem starts with the medical schools. Training emphasizes research rather than clinical practice. Schools are overcrowded, curriculums out of date, and students discontented to the point of periodic open rebellion. Dr. Taro Takemi, the outspoken president of the Japan Medical Association, damns the schools vehemently: "Today," he says, "they provide neither decent research nor decent clinical training."

If the new graduate wants to specialize, he can expect no more than \$300 a month on the staff of a government or university hospital. More typically, he borrows money to buy the minimum of necessary equipment, opens his own office and starts a general practice. He treats as many patients as he can in his "clinic" and holds on to them as long as possible. If he puts a seriously ill patient into a general hospital, the physician almost invariably loses all contact with him—and all income from the case. Of the country's 6,800 general hospitals, only about 50 allow a G.P. to obtain staff privileges and retain charge of his patients.

Whether in a big city or small town, the country's 69,000 private clinics are remarkably alike. In Tokyo, Dr. Takeshi Ito (not his real name), an internist who calls himself a child specialist, owns and runs a one-room clinic with a cubbyhole dispensary. Ito sees

about 60 patients during each long clinic day, visiting a few bedridden patients at home in the afternoon. At night, relaxing with his hi-fi and a bottle of Scotch, Ito wonders aloud whether he can call himself "a true disciple of this noble science of medicine." He provides his own answer: "I often feel so ashamed of myself for doing what I do as a physician that I hate being called one. But what can I do? I have to keep myself and my family fed."

Like most of his colleagues, he denounces the point system by which the government determines how much a doctor shall be paid for services performed and medicines dispensed. Some doctors, he says, have long since "sold their souls to Mephistopheles and turned into nothing but point getters." Under the most representative of Japan's five in-



G.P. GIVING INJECTION (ABOVE); LAB AT TOKYO UNIVERSITY (TOP RIGHT); PHYSICIAN ADDING UP "POINTS" (RIGHT)

insurance plans, the individual pays 6.9% of his income into the fund, and his employer matches this amount. On his first visit to the doctor the patient pays 200 yen (67¢) out of his own pocket, the insurance company adds 27¢. After that, everything is on the plan. For the second visit, a doctor is paid only about 16¢. If he gives an injection, he earns eleven points, or 37¢. An appendectomy pulls in 1,290 points, or \$43.

The schedules allow relatively few points for a prescription, many for the medicine itself—hence the pressure for the doctor to do his own dispensing and the temptation to overprescribe. Doctors buy drugs at a discount of up to 60%; retailing them is the biggest single source of income for the average private physician. Dr. Shogo Yoda, 65, head of the Yamanashi chapter of the Japan Medical Association, notes that Japanese are inclined to develop a

strong personal relationship with an individual physician, instead of seeking a specialist when they need one. A Tokyo schoolteacher, Takehiko Osawa, 41, is an example: he suffers from chronic asthma, for which he is being treated by his family doctor—a gynecologist. To Osawa, it was natural to go to him: "I trust him."

Japan's trust higher authority generally, including the health authorities who maintain the cumbersome, ill-balanced point system and the Japan Medical Association. Many J.M.A. members oppose hospital improvements because



better hospitals would draw patronage from their private clinics. Until such conflicts can be reconciled, technologically advanced Japan will remain a medically underdeveloped nation.

Patients' Rights

The surgeon's behavior was routine. Busting through rounds recently at a Manhattan teaching hospital, he ignored the questions of the young woman recovering from surgery, drew back the bedclothes and proceeded to explain her condition and the operation

performed to correct it to his entourage of residents and interns. But there was nothing typical about the patient's angry reaction. She snatched the sheet out of the amazed doctor's hand and pulled it up to her chin. "No peeking unless you answer my question," she said. "I'm a patient, damn it, not a case." The surgeon finally complied.

Dignity. Many people leave hospitals distressed because doctors have either refused to answer their questions or did so in terms only another doctor could understand. Patients also get upset because their privacy is violated or because they cannot find out who is in charge of their cases or what is to happen next. Aware of this discontent, the American Hospital Association is attempting a remedy. This week it is sending its 7,000 member hospitals a twelve-point protocol emphasizing what should be obvious even to the most imperious doctors and administrators: people do not lose their need for dignity at a hospital admissions desk.

Described as a "patients' bill of rights," the document is an admonition rather than a binding ukase. Among its provisions:

- The patient has the right to consideration and respect. He or a responsible relative is also entitled to complete information concerning diagnosis, treatment and prognosis in terms that can reasonably be expected to be understood. The doctor is obligated to be candid if the treatment proposed is experimental.

- The patient must be fully informed of the risks or potential side effects of any proposed procedure. He has the right to refuse treatment to the extent permitted by law (courts have, for example, overruled objections to blood transfusions in some instances). He must also be warned of the medical consequences of his decision.

- Personal privacy should be respected as completely as possible, and a person's medical records should be kept confidential. He is also entitled to know of the relationship between his hospital and any other institutions or individuals involved in his care—as when transfer to another hospital or a particular nursing home is recommended.

- Finally, the patient has a right to examine and receive an explanation of his bill regardless of the source of payment. Some hospital bills are so complicated that even administrators are unable to explain them.

A.H.A. President John Alexander McMahon is urging member hospitals to distribute copies of the bill of rights to all incoming patients. Following its provisions, he hopes, will "contribute to more effective care and greater satisfaction for the patient, his physician and the hospital organization." It may also contribute to a reduction in lawsuits brought against practitioners and hospitals. Many malpractice suits result from misunderstandings between the patient and his doctor or hospital.

The Saloon Singer

Part singer, part entertainer, part actor, the successful pop crooner spends the beginning of his career creating his own role and the remainder interpreting it. His songs are mini-dramas about love and sorrow, good times and bad, and if he is good enough, he can convince his audience that he has experienced them all. The great crooners—from Bing Crosby to Dick Haymes to Frank Sinatra—have usually required wide exposure in cinema or TV to get their total message across. Tony Bennett, today's outstanding exemplar of the line, has

DAVID NEUFELD



BENNETT SINGING AT LAS VEGAS
Mini-drama of love and sorrow.

been very happy to remain, in his words, "just a saloon singer."

Bennett's notion of saloons must be pretty grandiose; in recent years he has sung at such places as Carnegie Hall and the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, the Empire Room in Chicago, the International Hilton in Las Vegas, the White House in Washington. From his club and concert engagements alone, he grosses \$1,000,000 a year. In addition, he turns out a steady-selling LP approximately every six months. For that matter, he even makes occasional movie or TV appearances; last week he was taping a TV special in Hawaii.

Bennett has never lost his hold on the vast Middle American public that likes to hear standards done with melodic ease and a supple beat. Recently he left Columbia Records, the label for which he had sold millions of disks over 22 years, because "they wanted me to start singing Top Ten songs. I'm just not that kind of singer."

Bennett's new label, MGM Records, gave him 10% of its jazz subsidiary, Verve Records, and the right to produce his own recordings. His first LP for MGM, *The Good Things in Life* (adorned, as many of his albums are, with one of his own primitive-style paintings), confirms the wisdom of letting him follow his well-tryed approach. Vocally, Bennett sounds like a rather reedy clarinet next to the French-horn sound of the older crooners, but he compensates for this with a cunning sense of phrasing that has made him a favorite of many musicians (among those who have happily accompanied him are Count Basie, Woody Herman and Duke Ellington). On a ballad like *It Was You*, he has a knack of letting the song rise lazily above him like cigar smoke. On standards like *Mimi* and *End of a Love Affair*, he is in the jazzy, hold-your-hat tradition. No less an authority than Frank Sinatra once called him the best singer in the business—and now that Sinatra has retired, he may well be. "He's the singer who gets across what the composer has in mind, and probably a little more," said the Voice.

Big Boost. Born Antonio Benedetto 46 years ago, the son of Italian immigrants, Bennett grew up in a slum in New York City. One of his first professional bookings was as a singing waiter in a tough Italian restaurant on the Queens waterfront. "When the customers asked for a song, you knew it or else," he recalls. After a stint (1944-47) with the infantry in Germany, Bennett studied drama and music at New York's American Theater Wing. In 1950 he got a one-week engagement warming up the crowd for Pearl Bailey in Greenwich Village. When the week was over, Bailey told the manager: "Keep that boy on. I like the way he sings."

Soon afterward, Bob Hope took Tony along on a tour. Bennett recorded his first single for Columbia—*Boulevard of Broken Dreams*, which sold 500,000 copies, phenomenal for a new artist. Next came a string of million-sellers like *Because of You* and *Cold, Cold Heart*, and then near oblivion as Elvis Presley and his fellow rock 'n' rollers swept everybody under. But Bennett had staying power. In 1962, he surfaced again with *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*. "That song is the greatest boost that city ever had," he says.

It hasn't been bad for Bennett either. Partly as a result of it, he now maintains lavish apartments in both New York and London, and has the dubious distinction of being able to pay his first wife more in alimony and child support than most men make: \$92,500 per year. Now that rock has lost its hard core, Bennett can afford to crow a bit over having outlasted Simon and Garfunkel and the Beatles. As he puts it: "The pros always come back."

Air Crash Survivors: The Troubled Aftermath

To survive after near annihilation is to acquire a special knowledge of death that transforms life forever after. So believes Robert Jay Lifton, the Yale psychiatrist who titled his famed 1967 study of the Hiroshima survivors *Death in Life*. Few behavioral scientists have studied plane-crash survivors; after all, there have not been very many. But Lifton and some of his colleagues believe that the men and women who have lived through air disasters have something in common with those who emerged alive from the atomic holocaust of 1945.

The psychological effects of disaster are intensified by the swiftness with which it strikes. The crash in the Everglades of a Miami-bound jet last fortnight came as a complete surprise. Graduate Student Joseph Popson remembered reading a book one minute and the next, "waking up in a puddle of water with one shoe, my jacket and glasses gone, and an engine lying not far from my head." To cope with their helplessness in this sudden shift from calm to catastrophe, people begin almost at once to experience a kind of "psychological closure" or "psychic numbing"—they "simply cease to feel," Lifton explains.

Occasionally numbing can show up as forgetting. One Florida crash survivor, George Gaudiello, reported that "my wife tells me she unfastened my seat belt and we walked to a group of people who seemed in fairly good condition. I have no recollection of this."

Denial. Several passengers numbed their terror with trivial distractions. After helping free a fellow passenger from the wreckage, Thomas Rothenberg, a warehouse supervisor in New York City, stood around with three other survivors and, he said later, "talked about what we did for a living." Stewardess Beverly Raposa led Christmas singing, afterward recalling, "We didn't do very well on *Frosty the Snow Man* because no one could remember the words."

Sometimes numbing takes the form of inappropriate behavior that helps people deny what they are really feeling. When rescuers reached the scene of the recent crash in the Andes, they witnessed some bizarre behavior on the part of the men who had cannibalized their dead companions (*TIME*, Jan. 8). Trying to identify the 29 bodies, one survivor tossed a prepacked skull to another and said in a jocular way, "You should know who this guy is; you ate his brains." Macabre though this sounds, it is also an understandable manifestation of the need of the living to conceal—chiefly from themselves—how devastated they felt by the circumstances of their survival.

Some survivors may not fully realize for months that they have been in an accident. A week after the crash near Chicago's Midway Airport last month, Psychiatrist Edward Stein of the University of Chicago Medical School interviewed eight survivors. "No one," he says, "was overwhelmed by anxiety," though "there were bad dreams" and "a great deal of psychic denial" of the threat of death. "It's like the pupil, which contracts in bright light to avoid being overstimulated. This is good, healthy adaptiveness," Stein explains, adding, "The question is, will the pupil dilate again in the dark—will these



STEWARDESS BEVERLY RAPOSA
It's wonder I feel.

people find a way to assimilate this trauma into their lives?"

What can make that process difficult is "the guilt of the survivor"—the usually irrational feeling in those who have survived concentration camps, atomic war or natural disasters that they may somehow have caused the deaths of others, or may have deserved survival no more than others. Stewardess Sharon Transue, for one, reported after the Florida accident: "I kept thinking, I'm alive. Thank God. But I wondered why I was spared. I felt, it's not fair; everyone else is hurt. Why aren't I?" Recalling his own escape from a crash at O'Hare Airport in Chicago, Geologist Richard Ojakangas remembers: "The plane burst into flames, and my son Greg said, 'Dad, there're still people in there.' It's wonder I feel. Why did we get out and not them?"

Some survivors conclude, unconsciously, that they got out because they possessed a kind of magic invincibility

For them, survival is "the moment of power," as Social Critic Elias Canetti puts it, and can confer a lasting sense of being in command of death. In other cases, a feeling of invulnerability precedes survival and can produce a cavalier attitude in the midst of danger. John Rauen Jr., a former Marine who survived World War II combat, reports that "I knew we were going to crash, but I didn't expect to die." Psychiatrist Stein calls this mental invincibility "the silver bullet reaction"—the conviction that "nothing can get me but a silver bullet."

More often, according to Lifton, a brush with death has long-lasting effects because it brings the survivor face to face with his own mortality, especially with the possibility of "premature death and unfulfilled life." Many survivors remain forever "in thrall to their death encounter." For some, the "death spell" takes the form of "fascination with scenes of death and devastation." Others grieve because they have lost their "innocence of death."

As Lifton sees it, every survivor faces a major task: to overcome his psychic numbness, to open himself to his real feelings and to find meaning and value in his encounter with death. "The result," Lifton told *TIME* last week, "can be an increased capacity to feel, or even the kind of expanded consciousness that many seek in drugs or meditation." It can lead also to a sense of rebirth. Ojakangas finds that "things are different for me now. I appreciate everything more, my children, my family, everything." But he is concerned: "I wonder how long these feelings will last. Will I become too busy again to remember?"

The Drudge as Hero

Admirers of the "New Army" with its absence of reveille, K.P. and other tiresome traditions believe that the military is now more attractive to recruits. University of Michigan Sociologist David Segal is skeptical. It may be, he suggested last week, that "drudgery is part of the heroic image of the military. If the Army becomes too easy, it is as likely to lose appeal as gain it."

Drudgery is just one of the topics Segal plans to investigate when he becomes chief of social processes in the Army's new Research Institute for the Behavioral and Social Sciences on July 1. He will also study less unusual ways of luring recruits: raising pay, strengthening education and travel incentives and encouraging enlistment by married couples. As Segal sees it, one priority is to learn how to maintain a volunteer army: the nation, he says, will no longer tolerate the draft. He also plans to study racism and drugs. With the Army providing "a captive research population," Segal hopes to make discoveries that will benefit the whole nation: "The boundary between civilian and military society is permeable. The soldier who begins using heroin today will be a civilian addict tomorrow."



HANGERS-ON DECIDE WHO GOES FREE: BONDSMEN LINE MANHATTAN STREET NEAR COURTS

THE LAW

The Game of Bail

The gunfight in a Manhattan steakhouse left one plainclothes policeman wounded in the stomach, a bystander shot in the thigh and Joseph Gruttola on the run. Three more policemen chased Gruttola (who had been shot in the jaw), caught him and charged him with robbery and attempted murder. Then, to their indignation, the accused cop-shooter was released by Judge Bruce Wright on bail of just \$500 in cash.

Mayor John Lindsay professed himself "dismayed"; Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy called the judge's ruling "a disgrace." Despite various legal maneuvers, however, Judge Wright held firm. "Bail is not a game of money to be won only by the rich," he said. "It is to assure appearance in court, and if the accused has roots in the community, then there is no [high] bail." Gruttola, the father of two, owns a home and runs a driving school and insurance business, and Wright refused to increase bail "simply because a public officer is the alleged victim."

That \$500 fuss came at a time when the whole bail system is under attack. Last week, in fact, a commission studying the New York State court system deplored of the whole thing and recommended that bail be done away with. Instead, it proposed that all defendants be released until trial, except certain suspects who a judge thinks are not likely to return. "The possibility that a defendant might commit a criminal offense while on release should not be a ground for detaining him," it said.

The trouble with such an approach is that it would mean increasing the number of dangerous defendants on the loose. To counter that sort of threat, the Nixon Administration in 1970 persuaded Congress to authorize preventive de-

tention in the District of Columbia. This law allows judges to hold suspects for up to 60 days if a hearing establishes that they are dangerous. The much-touted law-and-order measure has proved to be a bust, however. Federal prosecutors have only tried to use it against 20 suspects, and the move ultimately failed in all but four cases. Detention has not even been sought for more than a year, and TIME has learned that the Justice Department has quietly all but given up on the idea. One reason is that the necessary hearings are cumbersome; another is the resistance of civil libertarians concerned about the traditional presumption of innocence.

Pressures. The bail system, by contrast, achieves the same ends by ingeniously avoiding those problems. Astronomically high bail has, in fact, long been used to confine suspects who are considered dangerous. The Eighth Amendment does ban "excessive bail," and the 1966 Federal Bail Reform Act provides careful guidelines for federal judges. In state courts, however, exactly how much bail is excessive remains a matter for a judge's discretion.

Bail is also widely criticized because, in the words of the New York commission, it "arbitrarily discriminates against the poor" and puts those who cannot make bail under added "pressure to plead guilty." But precisely because of the latter reality, bail serves an unspoken purpose. Getting rid of it would very likely cut guilty pleas and further increase the already crippling delays in the courts.

Reform, rather than abolition, is thus the most likely approach to easing the bail problem. One principal target is the bail bondsman, who usually claims 10% of the assigned bail as his fee for guaranteeing the whole sum. Though little more than a marginal

hanger-on in the courts, the bondsman often actually determines who will stay in jail and who will not. To try to eliminate him, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh have been successfully using a federal fund of nearly \$500,000 to make the court itself (at the judge's discretion) the bondsman. In Philadelphia all but 1% of the total bail is returned to a defendant who appears, while Pittsburgh charges a flat \$10 if there is no default.

Another reform involves the use of law students and others to interview defendants and make sure that bail is set fairly and swiftly. Such programs have been tried in more than 100 cities. In Washington only 2.3% of defendants released in this manner failed to reappear, a rate better than that of many large cities that use the standard system. The trick is to transfer such experiments into permanent programs. When one operated by the private Vera Institute of Justice in New York City became a regular part of the court structure, it deteriorated, and the no-show rate went from 1.3% to 6.4%.

The sad fact is that the pressures of reality mean that the bail system is not about to end. Indeed, after a New York grand jury last week indicted Gruttola in the police shooting, another judge was asked to raise his bail and did so—to \$25,000. Businessman Gruttola promptly met the increased price on his freedom, but only by putting up his home as collateral.

Prison Playwright

"I was going insane in that room," says "Roach" Brown. A onetime street hustler convicted of murder, he was talking about his solitary confinement after a 1968 riot at the Lorton Reformatory near Washington, D.C. Brown lost track of time—first the date, then the day of the week, eventually even night and day. "I used to talk to myself and laugh and cry," he remembers. "I wanted someone to see me, to say they

BROWN (THIRD FROM RIGHT) ON SET:



cared." Finally, one day, the sliding panel in his cell door clicked open, a hand reached in with two packs of cigarettes plus a ration of candy, and a guard's voice said, "Merry Christmas."

Somehow, starting from the absurd incongruity of that gesture, Rhozier Theophilus Brown Jr. began his trip back to sanity. He scratched "Christmas in prison" in the dust under his bunk, and then he began expanding the phrase into a poem. Released from solitary after seven months, he found the poem growing into a play. He started scrounging materials for a stage set and recruiting prisoners as actors. He and 18 other inmates were finally allowed to put on the play. "Most guys came to ridicule us," says Brown. "If we had laid an egg, it would have meant a lot of embarrassment, because there's no place to hide in a prison."

The play was a success, and since then, "The Inner Voices," as Brown's theater group is now known, have made 463 trips outside the prison to perform various plays and participate in community discussions. Last week the Public Broadcasting Service network showed an hour-long program about one such encounter. It included excerpts from Brown's Christmas play; then, in a question period, members of the audience incredulously asked the actors about the reality of such scenes as the casual murder of a convict by three other prisoners.

Roach Brown insists that his play about how various prisoners react to Christmas is all too accurate. Indeed, after every trip outside, it has taken all his strength to readjust to prison. "Sometimes I think it's harder doing time this way than staying in Lorton all the time," says Brown. "Comin' back in, I move slow. Try to get the feel in the air. I take three times as long to put on my shoes, lace 'em up. I got to get the feel. If I can't, if I laugh or tell a joke 'cause I'm feeling good and haven't felt the vibes of the prison—if I can't get with the mood,



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Despite his self-rehabilitation, he must continue serving a term of 20 years to life for shooting an acquaintance whom he and two others were trying to rob. The murder happened in 1965, when Brown was 20, and according to regulations, he will not be eligible for parole until 1984. A petition for presidential clemency filed last month has thus far brought no response. But Brown did get special permission from Lorton authorities to stay out and help finish the PBS program. Then, as last week ended, he again disappeared into Lorton, lacing his shoes up slowly.

Most courts have thus far avoided the complications of these "bonus" arrests, which are generally made without search warrants. Now Federal Judge Warren J. Ferguson in Los Angeles has become apparently the first judge to declare a skyjack search unconstitutional. He acted in the case of John K. Meulener, who tried to board an American Airlines flight and activated a magnetometer. Since Meulener also fitted the secret federal "skyjacker profile," which purports to list the characteristics of potential skyjackers, he was thoroughly searched. Authorities found 76 grams of heroin and more than half a kilo of marijuana in his suitcase, plus a vial of hashish oil in his pants pocket. He was promptly arrested. Judge Ferguson ruled, however, that the search had been unconstitutional for two reasons. It had not begun with a simple pat-down for weapons, which he considered permissible under previous Supreme Court rulings. And Meulener had not been explicitly warned that he would not be searched if he chose not to fly. If he decided to leave rather than be searched, said the judge, then the Government had no more power to stop him than any other citizen.

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SHOW BUSINESS & TV

Marlene Rides Again

For her first TV appearance this Saturday, Marlene Dietrich has been paid more, minute for minute, than any other star in television history, something in excess of \$250,000. If she had been Cleopatra emerging from a 90-oar barge in the pollution of the Hudson, with 100 eunuchs throwing rose petals in her path, the executives at CBS would not have offered more—or been more excited at meeting her. Still, Dietrich is not happy. Not happy at all.

"They work you to death," she complains, making a mighty scowl in the comfort of her Park Avenue apartment. "CBS is the ruler of us all. It's as if I were a machine, and they just put a nickel in me," she adds, telling a minor horror story of impossible hours before the camera. How does the TV special, which was taped before a London audience and which is a capsule of her long-running act, compare with her regular live performances? "Believe me," she says, "it ain't as good."

A press conference at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel the day before had not done much to sweeten her mood. "Jesus, where did they get those idiots?" she fumes, referring to the assorted TV writers CBS had flown in, fed and housed for the occasion. "They must have been the dumbest people in America. I have never heard such stupid questions." (The TV critic of the New York Post, for instance, twice broke in to announce that he had just seen a cockroach marching across the floor.) In fairness to the TV writers, it has to be remembered that to Dietrich a stupid question is one that touches on 1) her age, 2) her beauty secrets, 3) her personal life, or 4) just about anything else a reporter might be interested in, including her daughter, the wife of an American toy manufacturer living in London, and her four grandsons.

Papa. Could she talk a little, then, about Ernest Hemingway, whose picture—with a fond inscription to the "Kraut"—she reverentially puts in all her dressing rooms? "That has all been publicized," she abruptly answers, then relents enough to add: "He knew me better than anybody, and naturally he could say it better than anybody." Naturally. "She is brave, beautiful, loyal, kind and generous." Papa began an encomium that is now reproduced on one of her record albums.

How about her late good friend Jean Cocteau, the French poet and film maker? "That's all been written about too," she says sourly. "In your voice, we hear the voice of the Lorelei," Cocteau had rhapsodized. "In your look, the Lorelei turns to us." Ah yes. What, then, does she think of Charles de Gaulle, still another famous friend? She jumps up and pulls down from one of the bookshelves



DIETRICH TAPING TV SPECIAL
The voice of the Lorelei.

that line the end of her living room a copy of Marlene Dietrich's ABC—her own special updating of La Rochefoucauld—and begins thumbing through the pages. "That is all in my book. Let's see. 'D'—De Gaulle." Consternation. "It's not here. But it must be here. He wrote me a letter to thank me." A flurry of pages and, with a sigh of relief, she lands on the right spot: "G" for General de Gaulle. "He can do no wrong," reads that entry.

Mention of De Gaulle leads to a talk

about World War II, which leads to Dietrich's heroic three years as a front-line entertainer, for which she was awarded the U.S. Medal of Freedom and the French Legion of Honor. She is, all of a sudden, almost gay, close to voluble. She comments about Women's Lib ("It's ridiculous. I think a woman wants to be dominated by a man. Men are much cleverer than women. A dominating woman cannot be happy"). About the film directors she has most enjoyed working with (Josef von Sternberg, Billy Wilder and Orson Welles). About *The Blue Angel*, the film that sent her to America ("I thought everything we were doing was awful. They kept a camera pointed on me here." She points to her groin. "I was so young and dumb").

Orson Welles' 1958 *Touch of Evil*, in which she has a small part as a Mexican madam, is her favorite among her films. "I think I've never been as good as I was in that little teeny part. I had a line at the end: 'What does it matter what you say about people?' I tell you it was beautiful." Would she ever act in another movie? She shudders. "I don't like to get up in the morning at 5 o'clock. I was not so lucky to be a silent film star who could sleep till noon." More TV? It seems unlikely. She enjoys working in it as little as she enjoys watching it. "It is all right for lonely people," she says. Her own set, a true antique, cannot even receive CBS's New York outlet.

At 70 or thereabouts—she will never say—Dietrich looks 70 or thereabouts, appearing older in person than she does on the stage. She sometimes wears thick glasses; lines radiate from her mouth, and when she sits, something she never does in public, there is a slight bulge around the middle. Still, she is a very good-looking 70, and her magnificently alluring voice is ageless. If she no longer looks like Cocteau's Lorelei, she still sounds like her—or the Lola Lola of *The Blue Angel* and the Frenchy of *Destiny Rides Again*. That alone may be enough to make her special one of the brighter hours of the TV season.

The New Champion of Champions

FOR more than 30 years *Gone With the Wind* has been Hollywood's ultimate picture—ultimate in the Hollywood sense of being the industry's all-time biggest money-maker. Until last year, the only challenger had been *The Sound of Music* (1965), which leveled off a few mil-

lion dollars below *GWTH*. But now *Variety* reports that in only nine months of 1972, *The Godfather* grossed a spectacular \$81,500,000, surpassing not only *Muscle* (\$72 million) but also *GWTH* (\$77,030,000). The other leaders in *Variety's* compilation.

LOVE STORY	\$50,000,000	BEN-HUR	\$40,750,000
THE GRADUATE	48,300,000	MY FAIR LADY	32,000,000
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO	47,950,000	M*A*S*H	31,100,000
AIRPORT	45,300,000	MARY POPPINS	31,000,000
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS	43,000,000	BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID	29,300,000

Neil Simon: The Unshine Boy

ing an Essay on Simon and American humor, Kanfer found that the notes from his interview with the playwright mystically rearranged themselves into dramatic form.

2 a.m. on Third Avenue, Manhattan. NEIL SIMON is walking his shaggy dog and, improbably, swinging a tennis racket. An AMORPHOUS MASS suddenly takes the shape of an ageless human being. It taps SIMON on the shoulder.

SIMON: Stand back! This is a deadly weapon (Brandishing racket.)

AMORPHOUS MASS: Listen, a mugger you could fool. Me you can't.

SIMON: Sorry. It's just that I haven't stopped flinching since I was attacked.

By a critic?
SIMON: By a man who came up behind me, knocked me down and yelled, "That'll teach you to call me a fag!"

Like a scene in a Neil Simon play?
SIMON: You know me?

Does the hand know the glove? You don't recognize?

NO.
SIMON: You know when the critics write, "Opening night at Neil Simon's new comedy the audience laughed as one?"

YES.
SIMON: I'm the one. I come in, I laugh at the seats. I laugh at the ushers. The house lights dim, I laugh at the darkness. I laugh at the sets and costumes. By the time I hear the lines I'm already weak. A total setup for your gags.

BUT I DON'T WRITE GAGS. A GAG IS FRED ALLEN SAYING A MAN IS SO BALD HE CARRIES HIS DANDRUFF IN HIS POCKET.

And you write?
SIMON: Comedy. Based on character. In *The Sunshine Boys*, Clark, an ex-vaudevilian, tells his oldtime partner, Lewis, that a friend is dead. Lewis asks, "Where did he die?" And Clark tells him, "In *Variety*." You see the difference between gags and comedy?

NO.
SIMON: Let me put it another way.

AM: Don't do me favors. If I want analysis of ingredients I can read a Quaker Oats box. I only go to the theater to have a good time, not to think. (Upon the word theater, SIMON starts home to his typewriter.) Wait, don't go yet.

SIMON: I have to. I haven't written a scene in 20 minutes.

AM: You know what Mike Nichols says about you? "Other playwrights in his situation would buy plenty of clothes, go to a lot of parties and elect themselves Man of the Year. This one goes back to work." Listen, Marvin—I can call you Marvin?

SIMON: It's my given name. But most people call me Neil, or by my boyhood nickname, "Doc."

AM: Listen, Marvin, let me ask a question.

SIMON: No, let me ask you one. Why do you speak with Yiddish locutions? My audience isn't exclusively Jewish. Neither are my characters. Not any more, anyway. Matter of fact, I still recall a black man pointing to a figure in my first play, *Come Blow Your Horn*, and insisting, "That's my father."

AM: Would you prefer it if I spoke like a critic?

SIMON: Anything but dialect.

AM: Very well. Mr. Simon, have you ever considered writing a tragedy?

SIMON: You know something? I liked you better Jewish.

AM: There are critics who might say the same of you.

SIMON: Still, most of you have been very indulgent.

AM: That is your tragedy. And you took us seriously. That is ours.

SIMON: You mean *The Gingerbread Lady*?

AM: Your "serious" play, about the collapse of a Judy Garland-like singer.

AM: People expected laughter.

AM: Yet we called you distinguished. We took it seriously.

SIMON: Why don't you take me seriously now?

AM: Because you consistently verge upon the profound, the revealing—and then pull back, almost in embarrassment. There

ONLY two playwrights have more than one hit currently running on Broadway: William Shakespeare (*Much Ado About Nothing* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*) and Neil Simon (*The Prisoner of Second Avenue* and one of TIME's top ten of 1972, *The Sunshine Boys*). When Mr. Shakespeare's representative announced that he was unavailable, Associate Editor Stefan Kanfer settled for an interview with Neil Simon. At 45, Simon retains the astonished demeanor of a man who has just heard a loud noise. It is probably the sound of a cosmic cash register. In nine years Simon has become a theatrical legend. His second play, *Barefoot in the Park*, grossed more than \$9,000,000 and played in 14 languages (plus television). Thereafter, as regular as the Internal Revenue Service, Simon has produced approximately one hit a year, among them *The Odd Couple*, *Plaza Suite* and *The Last of the Red Hot Lovers*. At one time he had four shows running simultaneously, a Shavian feat. In his spare time he confectioned the hooks for two successful musicals, *Sweet Charity* and *Promises, Promises*, and wrote several movies, among them the new and delightful *Heartbreak Kid*. Still, with all the disproportionate rewards (Simon owns a plush town house, a country place, a Broadway theater, real estate, cattle and, very possibly, the Atlantic Ocean), he seems less than joyful. He has been described, too often, as a mechanical "yockmeister" whose characters are only skin deep. Moreover, the savor seems to have gone out of his triumphs. Another Simon smash is no longer news; it would take a failure to astonish anyone, and Simon seems incapable of one. All of which drove Simon into a deep depression last year, a gloom from which he is only beginning to emerge. He is, in brief, a character in a Neil Simon play. In prepar-

is a moving line in *Plaza Suite* that encapsulates the Simon career—and perhaps the country's as well.

SIMON

When the businessman says, "I have it all—marriage, children, more money than I ever dreamed—and I just want to do it all over again. I would like to start the whole damn thing over from the beginning."

A.M.

...and the wife says, "Frankly, Sam, I don't think the Navy would take you again." Truth masked with a gag—excuse me, with comedy.

SIMON

But *Plaza Suite* was a comedy.

A.M.

Perhaps Christopher Fry said it best: "In tragedy every moment is eternity; in comedy, eternity is a moment." Your comedies, all of them screamingly funny, seem to evaporate as one hears them.

SIMON

But I don't start out to write comedy. I begin by studying all the tragic aspects of my characters.

A.M.

It just comes out funny.

SIMON

That's it.

A.M.

But not all of it. It is a well-kept secret

SIMON
Maybe I don't trust "God" plays.

A.M.

Maybe you don't trust God.

SIMON

Why are you more ambitious for me than I am for myself?

A.M.

No one is more ambitious for you than you are for yourself.

SIMON

Then let me work it out my own way. My work is growing, it is more openly "serious." I couldn't write *Barefoot in the Park* again if you held a gun to my head.

A.M.

You're not growing fast enough. You are the finest American comic playwright of our time—perhaps of all time. Isn't that enough?

SIMON

A.M.

Perhaps. The clown has a great, fragile



WARTHA SOFFI



"BAREFOOT IN THE PARK"

that you have written a play entitled *God's Favorite*—a retelling of the Job story. It is further known that Mike Nichols would be delighted to direct it and that when George C. Scott read it, he cabled, "When do we start?" And yet that play will not be seen.

SIMON

No.

A.M.

Why not?

"THE SUNSHINE BOYS"

gift. He can write about essentially tragic topics—old age, impotence, even death—and make them truly amusing. In a grim time we need the tonic of laughter. Yet comedy, like every other aspect of contemporary life, is in transition. How much longer can we be amused by the modest, well-made play? Isn't there more to the age—and the stage—than that?

SIMON

Yes, but comedy.

A.M.

Comedy now oscillates between two terminals: the denatured cackle of the TV sitcom and the self-conscious smirk of pornographic adventures. The middle ground of comic craftsmanship seems to be vanishing—perhaps because its creators are intimidated by the bigger, sicker joke of the contemporary world. Enter the permanent paradox: The comic playwright is a mockingbird, not a vulture; what right has he to mock

the face of war and pestilence, overcrowding and pollution? Still, when the world is too much with us, where can we turn except to the alleviating force of bright irrelevant laughter?

SIMON

Why don't we leave it to Albee or Pinter or Tennessee Williams?

A.M.

Because that's what we're doing now, and it's not enough. What happens in the next few years will fix you in Broadway history. As of now, you will be labeled a master clown. You could be remembered as a major playwright.

SIMON

Or as a clown that tried to be a major playwright. And yet—

A.M.

Precisely. "And yet." Henry James thought the two most beautiful words in the English language were "summer afternoon." But the two saddest ones in the American language are "and yet." "They lived happily ever after—and yet." "I had a wonderful time—and yet." "Neil Simon has everything—a 19-year-old marriage to a beautiful wife, two daughters in the best schools, unlimited funds and leisure—and yet."

SIMON

But suppose I do fail...?

A.M.

That's a risk we all have to take.

SIMON

We? What do you mean we?

A.M.

You have to write. I have to go. (*The AMORPHOUS MASS begins to vanish like the Cheshire cat.*)

SIMON

Wait—don't you want to hear about my new play? It's about people trying to survive—literally stay alive—in the contemporary world. Actually, it's grim as hell.

A.M.

Sure, sure. I'll probably choke to death laughing at it. (*The MASS vanishes, leaving only a smile.*)

SIMON

Don't go! I like plays to have happy endings.

A.M.

Then stick with Old Doc Simon's prescription—

SIMON

But you just said—

A.M.

Since when are audiences consistent? Besides, how do I know what I feel till I see what you say?

Even the smile disappears, leaving nothing but a man and a dog. They walk home morosely. The dog goes to sleep, and the man goes to work, producing eleven plays, six films and five musicals in the next two years. They match the G.N.P. dollar for dollar, making the AMORPHOUS MASS, the critics and the IRS delirious. SIMON continues to swing his racket in the dark, waiting either for a bus or an inspiration for a new and purely serious masterpiece. Neither vehicle arrives.

CURTAIN

Building with Spent Light

Under the harsh Texas light, Louis Kahn's building is exactly what it seems: a tour de force of explicitness. The subject of the building is twofold: art, and what makes art manifest—light.

Seen from outside, Kimbell Art Museum looks like a group of barrel vaults running horizontally across the flat terrain of Fort Worth. Five of the vaults are closed at the ends to form galleries, offices and storage space; their roofs, sheathed unexpectedly in lead, glisten like old pewter in the sun. The sixth is open, a portico opening generously toward the street (below, opposite). Inside the museum, this conversation of silvery

stitute at La Jolla, Calif. (1965), the lately opened Phillips Exeter Library, the Kimbell Museum and two unfinished complexes in Asia—the capitol for Dacca in Bangladesh and the Institute of Management at Ahmedabad, India. Meanwhile, Kahn has been professor of architecture at the University of Pennsylvania for the past 15 years. As he puts it: "I think teaching is essential to me. I feel it is my chapel." Kahn's office, two loft floors on Walnut Street in Philadelphia, is more like the messy drawing studio of an architecture school than the luxurious corporate hives of other leading U.S. architects. Done in raw wood and plasterboard, it is defended by only one secretary. The 71-year-

ALFRED L. ROSENBERG



ARCHITECT KAHN AT WORK IN HIS PHILADELPHIA OFFICE
An unstoppage flow from Volume Zero.

tones resumes as the sun spills through a long slit in the roof where the halves of the vaults meet, and is diffused by a perforated deflector slung on yokes. The light washes the plain concrete surface of the cycloids, gently blending warmer reflections from a white oak floor. Curve answers to curve, vault to channel. There is no glare on the pictures. Yet as the sun moves, the light, and by implication the space, changes subtly, like reflections in a pond.

The museum is probably Louis Kahn's most publicized building. But it is a bench mark in an extraordinary career that has seen Kahn rise from obscurity to an almost unchallenged eminence in world architecture. Kahn did not put up a major building until he was 50, in 1951.

In the past 20 years he has brought forth a series of buildings that every intelligent architect must reckon with. Among the most recent are the Salk In-

old Kahn can be found in a small room (stacked with battered tomes on architectural history), tossing his thatch of white hair and discoursing in a high, cryptic, unstoppage flow on the principles of his craft. There is probably no serious architecture student in the U.S. who would not jump at the chance of working in Kahn's 20-man office, but he keeps his staff small. "During the times of thinking about a project and realizing its nature, I don't need so many people," he explains. "It can be harmful if you employ too many. What I look for is a man who really wants to develop himself, not serve me so much. Many come who try to show me how I should think that day. That way always fails, because the next day isn't the way I thought the day before."

The tremendous enthusiasm that Kahn's teaching—no less than his buildings—evokes in other architects is partly explained by the decay of the so-

called International Style. That system of curtain-wall, frame-and-fill architecture came to America from the Bauhaus, and has dominated the nation's cityscapes ever since. But the past decade has not been kind to the International Style. As the last "rational" abstract mode of building, it has been much attacked as unresponsive to human needs. The architect as master planner, exerting in his structures a pressure, both functional and ethical, on the messy, changing lives of their inhabitants, now seems to some critics an elitist figure, and obsolete as well. And certainly much of classical modern architecture as descended from Gropius and Mies van der Rohe was conceived in a spirit of lofty indifference to social patterns.

Behavior is not a liquid that sets like Jell-O into the mold of a building. Yet all building implies some ordering of life. Fine spaces do not "happen"; they are designed, either by consensus over a span of years (like the town plan of San Gimignano in Tuscany) or else by the authoritative work of one man. There is no consensus of the first kind in America: witness the slurping tide of chaotic architectural mutants that passes for an urban experience in any U.S. city. So we are left with the individual architect as form giver: the responsibilities remain.

Marble Foyers. It was not the fault of the Bauhaus that its formal lessons were so quickly vulgarized by American business. Most architecture is parody, and the International Style's problem, paradoxically enough, was not so much that it failed in the U.S. but that it hardly got a break. For every pure and major act of creation, like Mies van der Rohe and Philip Johnson's Seagram Building (1958), there have been a hundred rip-offs: bland, scaleless crates with their \$50 per sq. ft. marble foyers and 10¢ Sheetrock offices, their eggbox planning, insipid detail and graceless proportions. The International Style expended itself in these shallows, not in its masterpieces. But what is the alternative? Not the culture of Vegas casinos and duck-shaped roadhouses beloved of Pop architectural theorists like Reyner Banham and Robert Venturi; trash may be language, but it remains trash. The desire for an architecture that is grand, exemplary, responsive and practical still exists. And general expectations of such an architecture have to a large extent converged on Kahn.

He is a fundamentalist: his enterprise has been to rethink the process and nature of architecture, not from Volume I of its history but from what he calls Volume Zero. "Volume Zero," he says, "is what precedes shape, it is the source." His reflections on the nature of building materials express themselves in apparently irreducible riddles, like Zen koans (Q. "What does a brick like?" A. "An arch"), or bizarrely provocative but elliptical ruminations: "You cannot really read, or admire, or



Louis Kahn's bold vaults for the Kimbell Art Museum, seen inside (above) and forming a portico outside (below).





Kahn's capitol building for Bangladesh at Dacca is reflected in surrounding moat.



Sweeping rhythm of arcs in outpatient clinic of Dacca's National Hospital.



Kohli's use of massive volumes dominates his dormitory for the Institute of Management, Ahmedabad, India.



Interior of central court of Phillips Exeter Library at Andover, Mass.

ARCHITECTURE

be in a room unless natural light is there. We are actually born out of light, you might say. I believe light is the maker of all material. Material is spent light." They have a practical core, however. "In architecture," Kahn says, "nature approves of what you do—by working."

Kahn's prolonged meditation on substance, even through the lean years of the Depression and World War II when he built almost nothing independently, had immense consequences for his later work. For even the most complex of his buildings, the intricate massing of volume and void at Dacca or the planning of the Salk Institute, are also a demonstration of the bare rudiments of architecture. "I learned about order, order itself. That the brick wanted to be brick and nothing else, the stone stone, the concrete concrete. I just learned it so thoroughly, the orders and the elements. And from there I learned

use a building is to be put to. Such questioning can make Kahn's relations with a client prickly, but it also produces remarkable collaborations, like the one with Dr. Richard Brown, the director of the Kimbell Art Museum, who supervised and fought out every detail of Kahn's proposals during the six years they worked together on the building. "But he was always on my side," chorales Kahn. "He wanted me to win." In the Exeter Library, Kahn refused to countenance the idea of a reading hall and produced instead a series of zones of privacy tucked away "in the folds of construction. I like early Gothic libraries I've seen," he says. "There was a high adedicular quality to them; they were small places, intimate."

What the trained eye gathers in one of Kahn's buildings is no historical inventory; it is more like a dialogue between assumed equals past and present

MILESTONES

Born. To Sophia Loren, 38, Italy's eternal woman, who won an Academy Award for *Two Women* and accolades in many other films; and Carlo Ponti, 59, producer (*Catch-22*, *Dr. Zhivago*; their second child, second son; in Geneva, Switzerland).

Married. Joseph Hazziez, 37, soul singer under the name of Joe Tex who, after three 1,000,000-disk recordings (*Skinny Legs and All*, *Hold On to What You've Got*, *I Gotcha*), changed his beat last July to become a Black Muslim minister; and Leah Miller, 22, pre-med student; he for the second time, she for the first; in Washington, D.C.

Married. Douglas Bader, 62, never-say-die R.A.F. hero who overcame the loss of both legs in a '30s air crash, became a World War II ace credited with downing 22 German planes, escaped three times from P.O.W. camps, and saw his exploits portrayed in a 1957 movie (*Reach for the Sky*); and Joan Murray, 54; both for the second time; in Coventry, England.

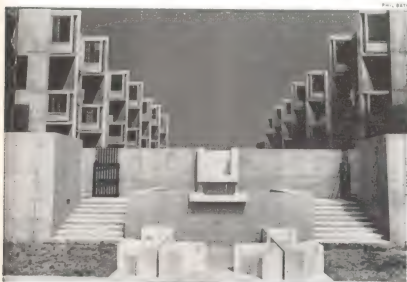
Died. Roberto Clemente, 38, who dominated the Pittsburgh Pirates' outfield and batting order (see *SPORT*).

Died. Walter E. ("Jack") Rollins, 66, country-and-western lyricist whose biggest hits were the kiddie favorites *Peter Cottontail*, *Smokey the Bear* and *Frosty the Snow Man*; of lung cancer; in Cincinnati.

Died. Wilbur De Paris, 72, Dixieland trombonist who played with Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington and Jelly Roll Morton during the '20s, '30s and '40s, and then with his own band became a durable jazz figure on New York City's 52nd Street during the '50s; in Manhattan.

Died. George Drew, 78, former Premier of Ontario (1943-48) and for eight years national leader of Canada's Conservative Party; in Toronto. A tall, elegant lawyer, Drew ran a notably efficient provincial government, but on the federal scene failed in two elections to dislodge the Liberals, who were led by Louis St. Laurent. Drew closed out his public career as Canada's high commissioner in London, where he vigorously opposed British membership in the European Common Market.

Died. Christopher T. Chenery, 86, Virginia gentleman and horse breeder who in 1936 built the Meadow Stables in Doswell, Va., training ground for a long line of champion thoroughbreds that included Riva Ridge, winner of last year's Kentucky Derby and Belmont Stakes, and Secretariat, Horse of the Year in 1972; in New Rochelle, N.Y.



KAHN'S SALK INSTITUTE AT LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA
Love among the rudiments, teaching in the chapel.

that a stair isn't just something you get out of a catalogue but a very important event in a building. I never forgot such principles. From this I sensed the eternity qualities of architecture. In the beginning lies eternity. It can never come about without the feeling that it's absolutely right, that there is no precedent before."

Consequently Kahn's relationship to past building is very strong; and because of his liking for traditional materials, axial planning and muscular interplays of light and shadow, space and solid, grand and intimate, he is linked to the historical icebox raiding of the Beaux-Arts tradition. "Except," he adds, "that I don't know it as a tradition. I know it as an introduction to the spirit of architecture, which has very little to do with the realistic solving of problems." The problems are posed and solved by what Kahn calls "reprogramming," and a radical questioning of the

based on first principles. Kahn's use of brickwork, often stretched in warm massive curves, goes back to medieval Siena. The immense cylinders, arcs and courts at Dacca were inspired by the Baths of Caracalla in Rome. At times, Kahn's forms possess a superb and primal practicality. The Ahmedabad dormitories, for instance, with their stairs set in a thick vertical silo flanked on either side by dark openings, are both a celebration of the sun and a defense against it. Structure is to architectural history as history is to instinct. The unique power of Kahn's work is to excite one's participation on all levels; he is a poet of fact, not of style. "Creative inspiration," as Kahn sums it up, "comes directly from the necessity of wanting to know how you were made. I think all of knowledge has only to deal with how we were made. You discover your own structure by making other structures."

■ Robert Hughes

She Needs Your Love

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Broken Promises

"The blood is ankle deep over there," said a Washington lobbyist for the National Education Association "Everybody's been out knifing."

He was talking about the U.S. Office of Education, a sedate institution that is not ordinarily a scene of such gore. The reason for the change: the White House budget experts wanted next year's federal aid to education cut by about 10%. That meant squeezing more than half a billion dollars out of an overall budget now providing \$5.7 billion.

Just last spring President Nixon and Congress promised the nation's colleges and universities a vastly expanded program of aid through the new Higher Education Act. Nixon's only criticism at the time was that the bill should have gone even further in "equalizing opportunity for all." HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson called it "landmark" legislation. Democratic Representative John Brademas of Indiana hailed it as the most significant higher education law since the Land-Grant Act of 1862. The measure included two unprecedented steps: 1) direct aid of up to \$1,400 a year—"basic educational opportunity grants," immediately nicknamed BOGs—to any needy and qualified student in the nation, and 2) direct operating subsidies to virtually all colleges and universities. The new law's big problem was its price: an estimated \$20 billion spread out over the next three years.

Money. Not even the most optimistic college president expected Nixon to ask for all of the money authorized by the bill. They did hope for at least token funding this year, followed by more substantial sums later on. As Joseph Coand, deputy federal commissioner for higher education, put it: "The legislation only cracks the door. The next question is what goes through it." Last week, with the 93rd Congress convening in Washington, the likely answer seemed to be: Very little.

It now appears that Nixon will ask Congress for no money at all for the aid-to-institutions part of the new law. Some older programs—such as funds for college libraries—may disappear entirely. Students themselves will get more generous treatment in direct aid—Nixon will ask for about \$600 million for BOGs for the remainder of this fiscal year, on top of the \$600 million already being spent for other federal student-aid programs. Next year BOGs will get roughly \$900 million under the tentative Nixon budget, but this will not increase the \$1.2 billion total available for student aid because the additional money for BOGs will be balanced by cuts in the older programs. The program will aid some 2 million students, but it will fall about 25% short of their estimated need

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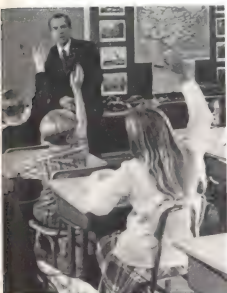
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EDUCATION

of \$1.6 billion. Says the Rev. Paul Reiert, president of St. Louis University and chairman of the Association of American Colleges: "The total education budget is pretty clear—now it's a matter only of shuffling the funds around to look as good as possible."

In the shuffling, these funds will be spread more widely—or thinly—than before. Such assistance used to be limited to students at "accredited" institutions of higher learning, those that met the standards of regional associations. The new law permits aid to students at many types of nonaccredited institu-



NIXON VISITING SAN CLEMENTE CLASS
Shuffling the funds around.

tions such as secretarial schools and training classes for technicians.

Bleak as the outlook is for higher education, it may turn out to be even bleaker for elementary and secondary schools. The overall aid budget of \$3.5 billion will be cut substantially. Nixon is proposing that Congress pass a special revenue-sharing act for education, but this will depend on complicated distribution formulas and on a bill that is still being written.

As the full impact of the proposed cuts began to sink in last week, key education lobbyists met with Capitol Hill staffers to plan a counteroffensive. They will get little encouragement from Caspar ("Cap the Knife") Weinberger, who directed the cost cutting at the Office of Management and Budget and now is taking over at HEW. If Weinberger continues to emphasize thrift, as he undoubtedly will, the fight for more education money will shift to Congress, where, Indiana's John Brademas predicts, "it's going to be a mean, divisive, disagreeable two years."

(Advertisement)



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PARTY AT MASSACHUSETTS SENIOR CITIZENS' CENTER

THE ECONOMY

TAXES

Painful New Year's Bite

WITH the first paycheck of the new year, American wage earners face an unpleasant shock: Social Security deductions 35% higher than last year. The surprise will be particularly great for those employees earning more than \$9,000 who paid their debt to Social Security early in 1972 and for the past few months had been receiving paychecks free of deductions marked "FICA" (Federal Insurance Contribution Act).

For all wage earners, this year's FICA deductions will be bigger and last longer. Under measures adopted by Congress last year, a worker's Social Security taxes will rise from 5.2% to 5.8% of each paycheck. The money will be taken out of the first \$10,800 of his or her pay, v. the first \$9,000 last year. The ceiling rises to \$12,000 in 1974. As a result, someone earning \$12,000 annually who paid \$468 last year will pay \$632 this year and \$702 in 1974. Nor will the escalation stop there. Under the new rules, Social Security benefits—and deductions—will rise as much as 3% annually in 1975 and in future years along with increases in the cost of living. Assuming inflation proceeds at the same pace as in recent years, a \$15,000-a-year worker could see his Social Security payments rise from \$468 last year to \$825 by 1978.

Such increases, signed into law by a President who won many votes by

promising to fight any increase in federal taxes, might seem to risk touching off a worker rebellion. Once a minor part of the federal tax system, Social Security levies have become one of the Government's chief revenue raisers. Collections multiplied 27 times between 1949 and 1971, and this fiscal year Social Security taxes will bring in about two-thirds as much as individual income taxes. In fact, workers have anted up for past increases with scarcely a murmur of protest, and there seems to be little reason to expect anything different now. Arthur Okun, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, expresses amazement at "the tolerance of the public for higher taxes, as long as they are called Social Security contributions."

"Contribution." The main reason, no doubt, is that Social Security taxes are among the few levies from which the worker expects to get some direct, measurable return—for himself and his family in his retirement years, and for aged parents or other relatives right now. Benefits for the nation's 27 million Social Security recipients are rising 20% this year; the average retired couple will now receive \$271 a month, v. \$244 last year. In addition, recipients can earn up to \$2,100 on their own without losing any benefits; last year the cutoff was \$1,680. Widows and widowers will henceforth receive the entire amount of benefits due to a deceased

spouse, instead of only 82.5% as in the past. And from 1975 on, recipients will no longer be dependent on the whim of Congress for raises in benefits to keep pace with the cost of living. The 3% maximum annual raise in future years will be automatic.

Even though there is a payoff in benefits, however, Social Security payroll deductions—officially called "contributions," despite the fact that they are compulsory for both full-time and part-time employees—are a regressive tax that hits low-income groups hardest. John A. Brittain, an economist at the Brookings Institution in Washington, calculates that Social Security payments, including "contributions" of employers to the system and to state unemployment tax funds, amount to 13% of the incomes of Americans in the lowest federal income tax bracket. Most economists believe that the worker in effect pays his employer's Social Security contributions—about half the worker's own payment—because his wage would be higher without them. Even a family of four with a \$12,000 income will be paying more than half as much to the Social Security Administration this year as to the Internal Revenue Service. Families with both parents working are hit for two full-sized deductions, even though their eventual benefits at retirement will be the same as if only one spouse worked.

Some economists advocate abolishing separate Social Security taxes and financing the system out of general revenues instead. Income taxes would rise, but the burden would be spread more equitably than at present. At the least,

Congress could allow special income tax deductions for Social Security taxes paid by the working poor. No serious revision of the present system is likely, however, as long as workers continue to swallow big tax increases without grumbling. While that situation lasts, it presents Congress and the President with a politically painless way of helping finance deficits in the non-Social Security part of the federal budget. The Social Security Administration is collecting more in taxes than it is paying out in benefits, accumulating a "trust fund" that bulges with \$40 billion. By law, that money must be invested in Government bonds—in effect, loaned to the rest of the Government to finance the whole range of federal activities.

INCOMES

The Unshrinking Gap

Vilfredo Pareto, a 19th century economist, had a theory: if *A* equals a given income, and *B* equals the number of people in a country with incomes greater than *A*; and if the logarithms of *A* and *B* are plotted on the Cartesian *y* axis and *x* axis, respectively, the resulting curve will be inclined by approximately 56°. In other words, the rich get richer and the poor stay poor.

Pareto has now found an ally in the U.S. Government. Peter Henle, a Library of Congress labor specialist, has found in a new study that the share of wage and salary income going to people who are already well paid is gradually increasing, while the share paid to low-ranking workers is falling. Using Census Bureau figures, he estimates that between 1958 and 1970 the share of all job income that went to the top fifth of male wage earners rose from 38% to 40%. At the same time, the bottom fifth's share dropped from 5% to 4%.

Henle's study is the latest in a series of surprising findings on economic inequality in the U.S. During the past year and a half, the Census Bureau, the nonprofit Cambridge Institute in Massachusetts, and M.I.T. Economists Lester Thurow and Robert Lucas have all found that since World War II the U.S. has made almost no progress toward closing the considerable income gaps between the nation's highest- and lowest-paid workers—let alone creating the classless society of popular myth. Unlike Henle, who based his conclusions on the wages of family breadwinners, the earlier researchers used figures reflecting total family incomes, including "transfer payments" like Social Security. But the results still showed persistent if not growing inequality. The bottom and top fifths of American families had about the same shares of total family income in 1970 as they did in 1947: 6% v. 42%. The three-fifths in the middle brackets received about the same share of income throughout the peri-

od: 52%. In 1970 the average family in the top fifth pulled in an income of about \$23,000, or approximately eight times that of the typical family on the bottom. If personal income in the U.S. were distributed on an absolutely even basis, each family would receive more than \$11,000.

The size of the gap between rich and poor has been something less than a flaming issue simply because all levels of Americans are better off now than they ever have been. Even discounting for the moth holes left in everyone's dollar by inflation, real buying power for the average factory worker with three dependents has increased about 11% in the past decade and more than 29% since World War II. President Nixon argued during the campaign that "the people on welfare in America would be rich in most of the nations of the world today," and his line clearly impressed more voters than George McGovern's grumbling about unfair tax favors to the rich.

Some economists argue, moreover, that the income gap between broom closet and executive suite should continue to yawn wide, for everybody's sake. "I don't think you can narrow the income gap without reducing the nation's real income growth," says Alan Greenspan, a member of TIME's Board of Economists. "You would get less effort out of a whole group of people who are striving to get rich. Our whole incentive structure depends on having income increments."

Yet narrowing, if not closing the income spectrum has been a U.S. ideal for more than half a century. The na-

tion has imposed a progressive income tax since 1913, enforced a graduated estate tax since 1916 and passed expensive programs designed to alleviate poverty since the New Deal. Why have these policies had so little effect on income distribution between rich and poor?

Analyst Henle blames the structure of the U.S. job market. The number of high-paying jobs, such as engineer, computer programmer and upper-level civil servant, he finds, has increased, and salaries in those categories have risen markedly. But the number of very low-paying jobs—janitor, dishwasher and hospital orderly, for example—has not declined. Henle gives two reasons: an influx over the past few years of post-war babies, who despite generally higher educational levels act as a drag on the lower end of the job market, and an increase in women and part-time workers, who often command relatively low pay. In other words, employers have found so many people available to be hired for relatively little money that they have not gone all-out to upgrade jobs and salaries.

Rising Tide. Other economists point out that effective tax rates on top-bracket individuals have been declining steadily since World War II, because of a combination of loopholes and rate reductions, while rates on lower incomes have increased because of the growing importance of regressive sales, payroll and Social Security taxes. Joseph Pechman, another member of TIME's Board of Economists, has found that the effective rate of federal income tax paid in 1967 by the top 1% of taxpayers was only 26%, even though the nominal federal tax rates on their income brackets ranged up to 70%.

Whether or not they would be desirable, workable and politically acceptable methods of income redistribution are hard to find. Congress this session will begin re-examining scores of income tax "preferences," but the history of loophole-closing efforts is that they create a new inequity for each one eliminated. The low birth rates of recent years might create a shortage of workers later in the century that would jack up pay in lowly jobs. Direct federal aid to the working poor, as contained in the Family Assistance Plan first proposed in 1969 by the Nixon Administration, could be an effective means of income redistribution, but the President has quietly withdrawn his support of the plan. For now, the most realistic hope of the poor probably lies in continuation of the strong economic advance that John Kennedy once compared to a rising tide that "lifts all the boats."



POOR CHILDREN IN SOUTH CAROLINA
The classless myth.

HOUSING

At Last, a Slowdown

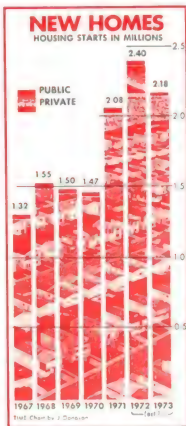
ALTHOUGH 1972 was a rare year in which U.S. business performed almost exactly according to predictions, it did contain one embarrassment for economists: housing starts, which were widely expected to decline, instead rose 15%, to a record 2,400,000 units. Undaunted, economists are again forecasting a slowdown in 1973, and this time it seems that they will be correct. As builders gather in Houston this week for the annual convention of the National Association of Home Builders, many concede that the industry cannot keep up the 1972 pace. Housing starts are expected to slip by 8% to 17%, to a range of 2,000,000 to 2,200,000; one recent Government estimate is 2,180,000 (see chart).

A gloomy prediction? It looks more like the timely cooling of a fever. The 1972 boom was fueled largely by easier-than-expected credit. If it were to continue unabated for another year, overbuilding might set the stage for a severe slump in 1974. Nationwide, home and apartment vacancies are still relatively

low, but 1972 nevertheless brought the first signs of an emerging glut in some areas where housing demand had appeared insatiable. Starts in California have run well ahead of population increases for the past two years. Apartments are in oversupply in Atlanta, Dallas, Los Angeles, Denver and Minneapolis. In Houston, after a decade of rapid construction, many apartment buildings are only 80% rented, and some new ones are less than half-filled. One leading Houston builder admits: "We have been building new apartment projects not because of demand, but because of the money available."

Moratorium. Bankers still have money to lend, but builders are reading the signs and cutting back construction of apartment houses in favor of single-family homes, townhouses and condominiums, all of which are still filling up rapidly. As a result, builders expect to get down to a rate of starts—still among the fastest in history—that can be sustained for years to come. Marriages are expected to average 2,200,000 a year through the 1970s, v. 1,800,000 annually in the 1960s, and each wedding creates a new family that is a prospective buyer or renter of a home or apartment of its own. The exact size of the 1973 decline in housing starts depends partly on how deeply Washington cuts subsidies for public housing. The Office of Management and Budget, fighting to hold down federal spending, has proposed an 18-month moratorium on all Government commitments to finance new public-housing projects. Housing and Urban Development Secretary George Romney is fighting for some public-housing money, but his clout is reduced by his lame-duck status.

For home buyers, the 1973 outlook is not especially cheerful. Not only will builders be offering a somewhat smaller selection of new houses and apartments, but prices will be higher. Rising costs of land, lumber and labor are expected to raise the price of each new home enough to keep the value of all residential construction equal to last year's \$53 billion. Also, most bankers expect mortgage interest rates to climb as much as half a percentage point above the current average of 7.6% on conventional loans. One result is a continuing boom in relatively inexpensive mobile homes, which are not counted in housing starts. Builders expect mobile-home construction this year to rise 8%, to 650,000 units. By 1980, some federal officials and builders predict, 10% or more of all Americans will be living in mobile homes.



F-14 TOMCAT FIGHTER-BOMBERS BEING ASSEMBLED

CONTRACTORS

The Navy as Banker

For the U.S. economy as a whole, the Federal Reserve Board has traditionally been the "lender of last resort"—but for some troubled defense contractors that role is now being filled by the Navy. Officially, the Navy, like the other armed services, is taking a tough line with suppliers, insisting that they deliver weapons at contract prices even if cost overruns hurt the companies. In particular, the Navy has come to the edge of a court battle with Long Island's Grumman Corp., which has flatly refused to build more than the first 86 of 313 F-14 Tomcat fighter-bombers called for in a contract unless the Navy increases the \$16.8 million price per plane. Yet at the very time that their squabble was being aired a month ago, the Navy was advancing Grumman millions of dollars in loans that commercial banks had refused to make. Last week the *New York Times* disclosed that the full loan amounted to \$18 million more than had previously been admitted, bringing Grumman's total indebtedness to its banker in blues to \$54 million.

Nor has Grumman been the only beneficiary of the Navy's bankroll. Over the past year the Navy has shelled out about \$1.7 million to a small Long Island subcontractor named Gap Instrument Inc., by purchasing new issues of the company's preferred stock. The Navy is now the single largest stockholder in the company, but its shares appear for the moment to be almost worthless; they carry no voting power and cannot be resold commercially. Gap is supposed to begin buying back the stock with its profits in 1976. However, since the company has lost money



AT GRUMMAN PLANT ON LONG ISLAND

in all but one of the past four years, the Navy's chances for a quick recovery seem less than certain.

Why did the Navy make two such dubious investments? The answer seems to be that both companies were contractors on work that has been judged vital to the national security—and thus, when they exhausted their ability to borrow privately, they were able to make offers that the Navy could not refuse. If the Pentagon had scuttled Gap as the builder of a fire-control system in the new \$1.4 billion DE1052 model destroyer program, another contractor, according to a Navy official, "would have had to gear up and in the long run spend a hell of a lot more" than the Navy paid to salvage Gap. In Grumman's case the Navy simply had nowhere else to go in time: the F-14 is the only plane equipped to carry the Phoenix missile, which in turn is the sole U.S. defense system capable of knocking out the new high-altitude Soviet MIG-23 (NATO code name: Foxbat).

Some Congressmen nevertheless seriously question the propriety of the Navy using taxpayers' money to bail out contractors who have allegedly let costs get out of hand. In addition, these legislators are convinced that the Navy has been less than candid in portraying itself to Congress and the public as a tough customer for weapons suppliers. Senate Pentagon Critic William Proxmire declares that "the Navy and Grumman are not slugging it out but doing a minuet to deceive the American public." Whether or not culpability extends that far, the hyphen that separates the military-industrial complex—the phrase that President Dwight D. Eisenhower popularized twelve years ago this month—may have grown one notch shorter.

BANKING

A Row over NOW

What could be nicer, from a thrifty consumer's viewpoint, than a checking account that pays 5½% interest on deposits? Not much—and in New England, savings banks are luring customers away from commercial institutions with just that pitch. So far, 50 savings banks in Massachusetts and nine in New Hampshire have begun to offer a new service that lets customers write checks on their regular savings deposits, all the while collecting interest on the unspent balance.

Forbidden in some states from providing checking services, savings banks have long tried to compensate by selling money orders. But sales of money orders were limited because customers were often inconvenienced by having to stand in long lines to buy them. Last June Ronald Haselton, 41, president of the Consumers Savings Bank of Worcester, Mass., introduced a more convenient form of checking: a bank draft called NOW (for Negotiable Order of Withdrawal). NOW drafts look and are used exactly like the checks offered by most checking accounts. Each draft costs 15¢. At Consumers Savings, depositors no longer even have to bother with bankbooks. Instead, NOW users get monthly computerized statements of deposits, withdrawals, charges and interest. The minimum balance required is \$10. Last May Haselton won a test case in the state supreme judicial court establishing the legality of NOW accounts. Since NOWs were first offered, they have generated 17,000 new accounts and deposits of \$30 million in New England. More depositors are signing up at the rate of 100 a day.

Commercial bankers are irritated, because they find it impossible to com-

pete against what in effect are interest-yielding checking accounts. Under the Federal Banking Act of 1933, commercial bankers are forbidden to retaliate by paying interest on their checking accounts. Haselton insists that the NOW system is reasonable, arguing: "It's the consumer's money, and he should be able to get it whenever he pleases for whatever he wants."

Unable to block the NOW system in court, commercial bankers have protested to Massachusetts Commissioner of Banks Freyda P. Koplow. She is seeking a compromise, possibly an agreement under which savings banks might offer noninterest checking accounts. A spokesman for the Federal Reserve says that it is watching the New England situation "with concern." The Reserve has no control over savings banks, but it does regulate the clearing houses through which NOW drafts move. If savings bank checking takes too big a chunk of commercial bank money, the Government may move to head off NOW at the clearing house.

AIRLINES

Transit from Terrible

As they have for the past several years, officials of Pan American World Airways are looking forward to March 31 with all the anticipation of a prisoner facing execution. By that date a group of the nation's most powerful bankers must decide whether to renew the financially troubled air carrier's \$300 million line of credit, without which Pan Am would be forced into a drastic reorganization. Pan Am's top executives, as well as quite a few other airline experts, seem convinced that the nation's No. 1 overseas carrier will finally, after four years of disastrous losses, engineer a profit turn-around in 1973. Yet the ride between now and two weeks past the Ides of March is still likely to be a bumpy one.

Last week Pan Am announced that its losses in 1972, through November, totaled \$24 million. That was about \$4,000,000 less than in the same period a year earlier,* but was nonetheless a dismal showing for a year in which most airlines made money. Wall Street analysts, who a year ago were predicting that Pan Am would break even in 1972, now estimate that the line will close its books later this month with as much as \$30 million worth of red ink for all 1972. A Pan Am officer privately concedes that the final figures will look "terrible."

To make matters worse, the company is apparently having trouble raising new cash. It is in the process of floating \$75 million worth of convertible debentures—in effect, loans from pri-



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*The comparison is somewhat distorted by a \$10 million refund on Pan Am's supersonic transport order that reduced Pan Am's reported loss last year.



PAN AM CHAIRMAN WILLIAM SEAWELL
The Ides of March.

vate investors that will be paid off in Pan Am stock after three years. Normally, such issues list a fixed price at which the bonds can eventually be exchanged for stock, leaving the investor to decide whether the market price of the stock is likely to rise enough in the interim to make buying the bonds now an interesting speculation. By contrast, Pan Am has written into its debentures an unusual promise that the bonds can be exchanged for stock in 1976 at a price substantially—probably 20%—below whatever the market price of Pan Am shares then happens to be. Presumably, the corporation's financial officers felt compelled to resort to this distress-sale clause because investors, who have seen the value of Pan Am shares drop 33% since September, could not be tempted into buying the debentures without some protection against further declines in the price of the stock for which the bonds will be exchanged. Last week the stock closed at 8%.

New Era. Yet for all its money problems, Pan Am has lately taken some major strides to get itself in better shape. Since taking over as chairman last March, former Air Force General William T. Seawell has hacked away at employee deadwood, firing altogether 1,500 workers, including quite a few executives. He has also successfully cut back expenses. For example, Pan Am now operates its fleet of jumbo Boeing 747 aircraft for \$1,692 per hour each, compared with \$1,762 for rival TWA, which in the past has usually come out ahead on efficiency. Says a Pan Am official: "In the long course of being in transition, I guess we're finally transiting."

In the end, ironically, Pan Am may be helped by a phenomenon that it and nearly every other intercontinental carrier has fought against bitterly: low-cost

group travel abroad. The International Air Transport Association, the carriers' cartel that has fixed prices on overseas tickets for 26 years, has been unable to agree on a 1973 fare structure for the heavily traveled North Atlantic routes, leaving the airlines to compete among themselves beginning Feb. 1 in an "open fare" situation. Although Pan Am officials remain worried that too much bulk flying may cut into their scheduled-service sales, air officials in Washington are convinced that U.S. carriers stand to profit from the new era. As owner of the world's biggest (30) fleet of 747s, they reason, Pan Am has every chance of profiting the most because it has the most seats to offer to group travelers.

ITALY

The Corporate Hospital

There was no joy in Castelfranco Veneto. The northern Italian town's major industry, the Confitex raincoat and cloth factory, which employed 1,650 workers, was about to close. The company was nearly \$20 million in debt and losses were mounting daily. Lamented the parliamentary representative from that district: "For us, Confitex's closing will be worse than an earthquake."

That was little more than a year ago. Today Confitex and Castelfranco Veneto are thriving, beneficiaries of a new government-sponsored hospital for ailing companies. The agency, known as GEPI (for Gestioni e Partecipazioni Industriali, or Industrial Management and Participation), was created by the Italian government 18 months ago to revive fundamentally strong firms that have fallen on hard times. And times have been particularly hard for Italy's industry in the past three or four years. Under the impact of incessant strikes, inept management, stiffening foreign competition and generally dismal economic conditions, Italian companies have been disappearing as fast as scampi at a gondolier's picnic. About 1,500 plants closed in 1970 alone.

Since its inception, GEPI has received more than 200 applications for help, of which 50 have been accepted and another 50 are still under consideration. Some 80 companies were turned down as hopeless cases, and another 20 had to go elsewhere for treatment: one of GEPI's ground rules is that a patient cannot be accepted unless there is a demonstrably good chance of recovery. GEPI's usual therapy is to use government money to buy a minority, or in some cases a majority holding in an ailing company. Whenever possible the agency tries to find private firms to buy shares as well. Often GEPI arranges a merger with a stronger company. If a company's situation appears hopeless, GEPI may simply abandon it and concentrate on developing a substitute industry in the region to provide al-

ternative employment. In the case of Castelfranco Veneto's Confitex, GEPI bought a 100% interest in the firm and streamlined its production.

In many instances GEPI analysts use the newly bought shares to oust a firm's present management and replace it with new executives—often younger men trained in U.S. management techniques. "We try to rob American firms," jokingly admits GEPI General Manager Franco Grassini, himself a product of Harvard and the London School of Economics. The agency's president, Enrico Bignami, served on an advisory committee at the Harvard Business School for seven years, and no fewer than 15 of its top staff members either graduated from U.S. business schools or learned the art of management at such American-based multinationals as General Electric, Westinghouse and W.R. Grace & Co.

None of GEPI's patients, mostly small manufacturing firms, have yet been rehabilitated to the point where they can be returned entirely to private ownership. But early results are encouraging. Falconi, a leading elevator and hoist manufacturer, was headed for bankruptcy late in 1971 when GEPI bought a half-interest in the firm, arranged for another elevator maker to buy the remaining half, and installed a new management. Falconi (renamed SAIR, for Società Ascensori Italiani Riuniti) is expected to report reduced losses for 1972. Remmert, a manufacturer of zippers, ribbons and other notions, had closed one of its two plants, put 1,500 workers on short hours and racked up hundreds of thousands of dollars in losses by the end of 1971. GEPI bought a 52% interest in the firm and began a reorganization that will not be completed until 1974. But even now both Remmert plants are back in operation.



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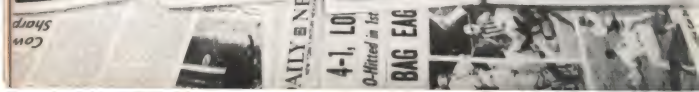
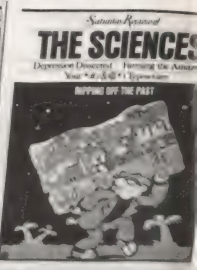
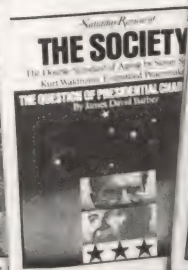
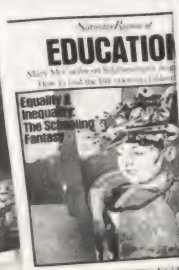
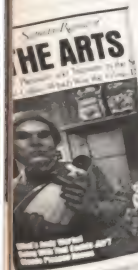


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BOOKS

Vlad the Impaler

A DREAM OF DRACULA: IN SEARCH OF THE LIVING DEAD
by LEONARD WOLF
327 pages, Little Brown, \$8.95.

IN SEARCH OF DRACULA: A TRUE HISTORY OF DRACULA AND VAMPIRE LEGENDS
by RAYMOND T. McNALLY and RADU FLORESCU
223 pages, New York Graphic, \$8.95.

California is, of course, the new Transylvania. The mind does not boggle therefore at the news that a professor at California State University at San Francisco teaches an accredited course in vampirism. He also has written a book. A question arises. Is Professor Wolf for vampirism or against it? The answer remains murky. For what the professor has done is to invent a scholarly equivalent of the celebrated New Journalism, whose prac-

tioners take their own temperatures every second paragraph and print the resultant fever charts as reportage.

"I shiver with more than cold," one of his early sentences begins, "and into my trained academic mind there push, in all their luminosity, Faust's lowering words to Mephistopheles." The lines he goes on to quote do not, as it happens, come within half a mile of the subject of vampires. Professor Wolf, as he explains, was sitting one sunny day on the Berkeley campus watching girls and feeling randy when he happened to think of Faust. And so? So nothing: Wolf's trained academic mind drops the thought, satisfied that it has served its purpose as a lyrical prelude.

The thought he then takes up is arresting: "We slept, in the dark, sweet exhaustion after love, for hours in near oblivion." What's this? Read on: "It was no time for the telephone bell, but it rang. And rang. As if a fishhook had caught in the back of my skull and I was reeled upward from the nourishing dark, and at last I heard it, reached for it, angrily." Spillane Agonistes, but what is it all about? Well, someone has called to say there is a live vampire to be interviewed. The caller was overstating the case, as Wolf admits, but never mind.

Gratuitous quotations and shy confessions follow each other in a happy

jumble. The reader is treated to Hamlet's "To be or not to be" soliloquy (twice) and to an account of Wolf's first sex experience. Wolf donates a pint of blood to a hospital and allows himself to entertain giddy thoughts. He interviews some cancer patients, who have little to say, and an actor, Christopher Lee, who has played Dracula in several films. He talks with some high school girls, and although the subject of vampires does not come up, he learns a lot about teen-age sex. He does find one 22-year-old sadomasochist who says he likes to suck blood.

The rest is a windy literary turn. He sketches the history of Gilles de Rais, the 15th century French child murderer, who was not a vampire. He gives a gloss of Rider Haggard's *She*, which is not about vampires, and a 20-page summary of Bram Stoker's 1897 novel *Dracula*, which is. It is here that the single idea of Wolf's book is developed. This is the notion that the force of Stoker's novel derives from the sensual repressions of the Victorian Age. Of course he is correct. The fantasy of a tall intruder in evening clothes bending over the naked bosom of a sleeping maiden must have been delicious. He might have gone further. The Middle Ages believed matter-of-factly in vampires, and the 19th century was thrilled by fictional ones. There has been a small spate of vampire books and films of late, but except as a soggy bit of low camp, *Dracula* is not really a monster for our times. We lack the peasant theology for one kind of belief, and the right kind of sexual snarls for the other.

There was a historical Dracula, however, and according to the authors of *In Search of Dracula*, he was a fright to believe in. The book clears him of one notable charge: by examining Rumanian, Russian, German and French folklore of the 15th century, in which Dracula figures vividly, it establishes that he was not a vampire. That was Bram Stoker's libel; needing a monstrous name and a far-off place for his fantasy, he chose Dracula and Transylvania. The real Dracula, son of Dracul (the name means dragon), was a Christian prince and mass murderer who lived in what is now Rumania, at the edge of the Turkish empire, from 1430 or '31 to 1476. He was known to his times as Vlad the Impaler, and with good reason. His favorite method of torture and execution, although he had others, was to spit his victims on wooden stakes and watch them writhe.

Woodcuts of the time show Dracula eating at a banquet table outdoors, surrounded by a large array of stakes on which bodies are speared. When a visitor to his court showed himself to be revolted by the resulting stench, Dracula jovially ordered the man himself to be impaled, but on an especially high stake, so he could not be offended by the smell of other bodies. When two emissaries of Sultan Mohammed II neglected to take off their turbans, explain-

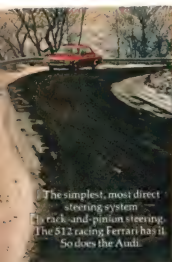


DRACULA IN 1922 FILM

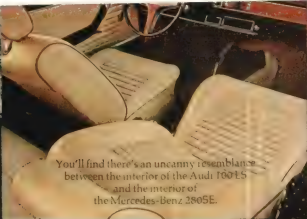


THE REAL DRACULA, PRINCE VLAD

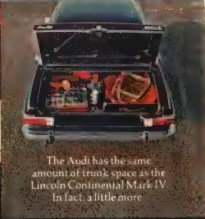




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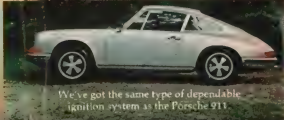
You'll find there's an uncanny resemblance between the interior of the Audi 100LS and the interior of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE.



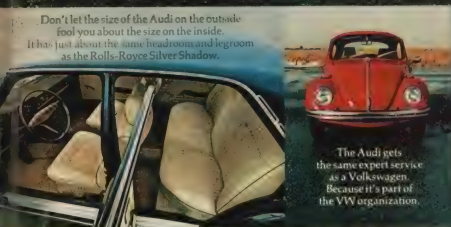
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BOOKS

ing that such was the Turkish custom, Dracula had the turbans nailed to their heads. He spitted babies on their mothers' breasts and forced parents to eat stewed pieces of their children.

In all, he may have executed some 100,000 people—Turks, Saxons, Hungarians, Bulgarians, Jews and Gypsies. This was approximately 20% of the population of Wallachia, where he reigned (Transylvania was a neighboring province). What is fascinating about this tyrant is that he was universally acknowledged to have been an effective ruler. He savaged the Turks, whipped the landowning nobles into line, cowed the Saxons, and relieved the poor and the sick of their misery by burning large numbers of them. So perfect was his law and order that he was able to leave a rich golden goblet by a wayside spring in his domain for the refreshment of travelers. No one ever stole it.

In Search of Dracula is a bit overpackaged. But the authors have done fine work in assembling documents and tales from Dracula's own time. A report written for Czar Ivan the Great in 1490 is particularly revealing. It would not have been good sense to criticize Dracula harshly lest the Czar suspect the principle of autocratic rule was being challenged. So the writer repeated the bloody stories in an approving tone. Dracula, he implied, was eccentric but just, a stern father to his people. Thus do courtiers who present news summaries to rulers remain in favor, even to this day.

■ John Skow

Call It Fiction

LIVES OF GIRLS AND WOMEN

by ALICE MUNRO

250 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$6.95.

Despite this young Canadian's conventional disclaimer that her novel is "autobiographical in form but not in fact," the pleasure to be taken from it comes from its fidelity to things as we imagine they really were. The book is a fiction for people who like to read brittle, yellow clips from newspapers published in towns where they never lived, who like to look through the snapshot albums of imperfect strangers.

Alice Munro uses a narrator named Del Jordan. She tells of growing to college age in the 1940s, in rural Canada, in the town of Jubilee, where a girl could count on hearing the names and the voices of friends on the local radio. Del looks back on her girlhood from the vantage of womanhood, and her memory has reduced rather than inflated the markers in her past.

She is the bright one in her family, the one destined to break out of Jubilee and leave her friends—victims of ebbing curiosity and reduced expectations—for good and all. Her mother collaborates in the escape. Mrs. Jordan sells encyclopedias, takes correspondence courses—"Great Thinkers of History"—and writes letters to the lo-

cal newspaper. She is sick from a nearly fatal dose of soured dreams. Her ambitions for her daughter are at once generous and bitter, a self-fulfillment and self-reproach. Those ambitions are nearly "sabotaged by love." During her final year in Jubilee, Del is taken up by the equivalent of Lady Chatterley's gamekeeper, and seems bound to surrender herself to his hedged circumstances and vision. "Do you want to be the wife of a lumberyard worker?" her mother asks. "Do you want to join the Baptists' Ladies Aid?"

The threads of this yarn are common enough stuff. What Alice Munro makes of it is rare. For Del, looking back, tries to get it all just right. Nostalgia does not dampen her account, nor contempt deface it. "People's lives, in Jubilee as elsewhere, were dull, simple, amazing, and unfathomable—deep caves paved with kitchen linoleum."

Del tells in an epilogue about the novel she meant to write, a romance of suicide, insanity, and extreme summers and winters. A catalogue of Jubilee's



ALICE MUNRO

Patterns in the linoleum.

objects. A street gazette. Del was once "somebody who believed that the only duty of a writer is to produce a masterpiece." Whatever Miss Munro once was, she is not that somebody. Her achievement is small but fine. By her tact, and power to recall, select and reduce, she has translated Jubilee into a birthplace, or something more than the name of a town. Call it fiction; praise it.

■ Geoffrey Wallf

Comic and Cosmic

LEO ROSTEN'S TREASURY OF JEWISH

QUOTATIONS

716 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$10.95.

The subtitle of this vast collection might be: "You don't have to be Jewish to like Leo Rosten." Where else, after all, could the one-liner addict of whatever persuasion be exposed to a barrage of ecstasy that includes the following punches: "May all your teeth

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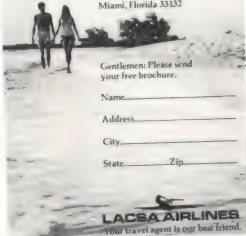
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BOOKS

drop out, except one—so you should have a permanent toothache.” “If you lend someone money, and he avoids you, you’ve gotten off cheap.” “A man is not honest just because he has had no chance to steal.” “Sleep faster, we need the pillows.”

The author, who began collecting Yiddish aphorisms in his childhood and continued throughout a distinguished academic career, provides a fine sketch of Jewish social character in the introduction. He is nothing if not thorough. As the book says: “Where there is too much, something is missing. In this case it is an editor’s pencil, which might profitably have been put to use cutting out repetition.”

Not to worry. The book is still full of gems. For those who need definitions of Yiddishisms that have crept into everyday use, Rosten provides examples, many with a fond patina of age. Chutzpa is a case of “a man who, having killed his mother and father, asks the court for mercy because he is an orphan.” The poor schlemiel is a man who “falls on his back and breaks his nose.” Some lines are cosmic as well as comic: “The rich have heirs, not children.” “Good men need no recommendation and bad men it wouldn’t help.”

The Jews have devised a saying to prove just about anything, natural enough for a people whose recorded history stretches back more than 2,500 years. But they have also framed the best single-sentence putdown for anyone who cites one of them as an example to make his point: “For instance” is not proof.” ■ William Doerner

Secular Pope

HAMMARSKJÖLD
by BRIAN URQUHART
597 pages, Knopf, \$12.50.

Brian Urquhart is not the first to make the point that the United Nations did not work out as originally planned. But in this book, a comprehensive political analysis of Dag Hammarskjöld's seven years as the U.N.'s Secretary-General, Urquhart for the first time chronicles in precise detail how close one man often came to making the curious organization do what it was supposed to.

The author has worked for the U.N. since its inception and is now an Assistant Secretary-General. He is also the first man to be given access to Hammarskjöld's private papers. He sees the former Secretary-General as a man supremely equipped with the inner resources, courage, stamina and imperturbable tact to make the U.N. work. The book uses considerable inside knowledge as it follows Hammarskjöld through every major crisis of his day: McCarthyism, the aftermath of Korea, Suez, Hungary, Lebanon, Algeria, the Congo.

In each the Secretary-General, who once jokingly called himself a “secular

BOOKS

pope," was quick to assert the authority of the world organization. At the height of the Suez crisis in '56, he dictated the first three pages of a plan for a special emergency force during lunch, had it completed before dinner. Over British and French vetoes in the Security Council and a Soviet offer to deploy its own troops, he managed to get it ratified by a majority of the General Assembly. U.N.E.F. was his most successful innovation. It served as the model for international forces in the Congo and Cyprus. It also more or less kept the lid on the Middle East for ten years.

Hammarskjöld did not often get his way, of course. There was little the U.N. could do about Khrushchev's brutal repression of the Hungarian uprising. Even in such a relatively benign matter as the release of eleven U.S. flyers shot down over China during the Korean War, John Foster Dulles first urged Hammarskjöld to intervene, then refused to allow their families to travel to Peking at Chou En-lai's behest. As a result the flyers' release was delayed eight months. Chou chose Hammarskjöld's birthday as the time to hand them over.

Urquhart does not much deal with Hammarskjöld's private life, though he squelches for good the rumors of his alleged homosexuality. Because the theme of the book is Hammarskjöld in action, the forces that so often frustrated him do not receive enough analysis. Nor does the fundamental dilemma from which the U.N. and its Secretary-General have increasingly suffered: how to create from the original consensus by the nations of the world that the U.N. should exist, a power strong enough to constrain the power of any one of them.

■ Friedel Ungeheuer

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Bach (1 last week)
- 2—The Odessa File, Forsyth (2)
- 3—August 1914, Solzhenitsyn (3)
- 4—Semi-Tough, Jenkins (4)
- 5—The Persian Boy, Renault (5)
- 6—The Camerons, Crichton (6)
- 7—Elephants Can Remember, Christie (9)
- 8—The Elger Sanction, Travarian (7)
- 9—Dust on the Sea, Beach (8)
- 10—Green Darkness, Selan

NONFICTION

- 1—The Best and the Brightest, Halberstam (1)
- 2—Harry S. Truman, Truman (2)
- 3—I'm O.K., You're O.K., Harris (3)
- 4—The Joy of Sex, Comfort (6)
- 5—Supermoney, "Smith" (4)
- 6—Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution, Atkins (5)
- 7—"Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye," O'Donnell, Powers, McCarthy (9)
- 8—All Creatures Great and Small, Herriot
- 9—Journey to Ixtlan, Castaneda (7)
- 10—Blackberry Winter, Mead

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THE PRESS

The Eagle Tradition

Its staffers mutter about low salaries and heavy work loads but find brief reportorial stints stretching into lifelong careers at what they call "the tender trap." It has also been described as "40 freelance writers working under the same roof" and (by Boston *Globe* Editor Tom Winship) as the best newspaper "of its size in the country." Such encomiums disturb the Yankee equanimity of Lawrence K. ("Pete") Miller, 65, owner, editor and publisher of the

ERIC FRANKS—CAMERA 3



MILLER IN HIS PAPER'S PLANT
Something to the joke.

Berkshire (Mass.) *Eagle*, who attributes the paper's reputation for class to "accidents of inheritance, age, personality, location, and the like." Whatever the reasons, the *Eagle*, with a circulation of only 32,000, successfully struggles against the trend toward mediocrity among small-city papers. It offers literate, thorough coverage of its own area and responsible attention to national and international news.

As the only paper in town, the *Eagle* is required reading in Pittsfield (pop. 57,020) and in the surrounding 941 sq. mi. of Berkshire County, whose rural hills have lured many New Yorkers and Bostonians into seasonal or permanent residence. The paper often seems to be written for the city folk. In the summer, its entertainment pages become a sophisticated guide to music at Tangle-

wood, drama at the Berkshire Playhouse, and dance at Jacob's Pillow.

The paper's makeup is professional, its contents meaty. Its front page spreads four or five stories into eye-catching horizontal layouts, with few runovers into back pages and a generous use of pictures and white space. Next to its editorial page, the *Eagle* reprints for its afternoon readers some material from the New York *Times* Op-Ed Page, but also publishes the work of nearly 20 local columnists; such notables as James MacGregor Burns and William Shirer contribute occasional book reviews. The second section is crammed with items from the 32 communities in Berkshire County, gathered by a network of 33 stringers. Political Editor A.A. Michelson's weekly column on Massachusetts affairs now runs in nine other New England papers, including the Boston *Globe*.

The *Eagle* keeps a close and critical eye on the local General Electric plant, employer of two-thirds of Pittsfield's work force. Last winter, Richard K. Weil, the *Eagle*'s industry and labor reporter, was barred from a GE press conference in New York after he reported the destruction by GE officials of a company-published—and pessimistic—business forecast for 1972.

Angry Mayor. The full-time editorial staff of 35 is large for a paper of its circulation, and unusually literate. A number of the writers have published books and two—Columnist Hal Borland and Cultural Editor Milton Bass—have also done screenplays. Salaries are modest (\$216 a week for reporters with seven years or more experience), but staffers enjoy considerable freedom. Some who had planned to use the *Eagle* as a steppingstone decided to remain. Recalls Weil: "I walked in and got a summer job eleven years ago and I'm still here."

The paper was purchased 81 years ago by Pete Miller's father. Pete and his brother Donald, who died in November, made the *Eagle* and its three sister papers in the vicinity their life's work. "Neither of us," says Pete, "had any expensive interests, like keeping a yacht or a woman on the side. It isn't a large family full of cousins and in-laws bleeding the business dry."

The Millers have been able to maintain an editorial-advertising ratio of 45:55, providing a greater proportion of space for news than most papers. "The trouble with a lot of papers of our size," Miller says, "is that they become the worst kind of ragbags. They live off the wire services and the church notices, canned editorials, with no flair for politics or the printed word." The *Eagle*'s generous editorial budget seems to be good business. The paper does not publicize its earnings, but it is understood to make moderate profits. Ad-

vertising in 1972 topped 1,000,000 column inches for the first time in the paper's history.

The consistently liberal *Eagle* hardly enjoys unanimous popularity. It endorsed Adlai Stevenson's two presidential bids and backed Senator George McGovern last fall. Twice it has supported the election of Pittsfield Mayor Donald Butler, but it also needs him frequently. Butler responds with periodic threats that he will refuse to talk to *Eagle* reporters. An attempt last year to give the community a conservative newspaper failed after six months. "The *Eagle* doesn't speak for the middle segment of American society because it doesn't understand us," says Leon Phelps, who edited the short-lived competitor. Under-35 readers complain about the *Eagle*'s refusal to advertise or review X-rated films. The paper also refuses to abandon male-female distinctions in its help wanted ads.

Mild Joke. Press Critic Ben Badgikian recently focused attention on the paper when he ranked the *Eagle* (along with the New York *Times* and Paris *Le Monde*) as one of the world's three "great newspapers" (TIME, Aug. 28). Washington *Post* Editorial Writer Stephen Rosenfield, an ex-*Eagle* staffer, thinks that Badgikian was "charmed as an outsider to discover that there exists in the Berkshires a paper that appeals to the New York *Times* reader." *Eagle* Managing Editor Kingsley ("Rex") Fall says: "We're proud of what we do, and we hope we're getting better, but I prefer to treat the Badgikian reference as some sort of mild joke." Joke or not, the commendation reminded other small-city papers of what they might become.

Humor by Wire

Giggles on the Associated Press service are about as scarce as deadpan reporting in the *National Lampoon*. The venerable news agency will try to change that beginning this week by syndicating "The Phoenix Nest," which ran for 14 years in *Saturday Review* before Norman Cousins left the magazine. Martin Levin, who edits the column, thinks that the heartland is ready for some topical humor because "the little old lady from Dubuque is now in touch with Germaine Greer—if only with a ten-foot pole." In the first column, Lawyer Peter Friedman tells how his circle benefits from the presence of insect parts in food: "Instead of complaining, we're collecting the fragments and painstakingly assembling them into whole insects." New Yorker Writer Garrison Keillor parodies speed-reading courses and concludes: "You are now able to read at the amazing rate of 8,000 words per minute, which means that you should have finished reading this already." Which would be a blessed gift for those who have to read a lot of Associated Press prose, serious or otherwise.

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